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INSTITUTE
JOURNAL
1931**

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THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

1931 Annual Journal

of

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE

(Incorporated)

CALGARY, ALBERTA

MAJOR A. C. BALLANTINE, Editor

Q M. Sgt. DAVID B. KEIR, Advertising Manager

Twelfth Year

December, 1931

The Alberta Military Institute does not hold itself responsible for the opinions expressed by speakers and reported herein, and no official opinions are expressed.

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An Appreciation

THE year 1931 will stand out in the memory of the writer for several reasons. Chief among these is the general business depression then existing, the fact that the Annual Ball of the Institute was held outside the familiar precincts of the Palliser Hotel, and the departure for Eastern Canada of Major A. N. Martin. Of these somewhat mournful events the last mentioned was most felt by the Institute.

Major Martin, or "Arthur," as he was familiarly claimed by most, was appointed Secretary of the Institute in 1925 and continued to fill that office until 1928 when he was fittingly appointed Vice-President and in the following year President, a just reward for his labours in behalf of the Institute.

It has been stated on several occasions by Past Presidents of the Institute, that only those who are appointed to the Directorate fully realize the volume of work which falls on the shoulders of the Secretary and Treasurer. To those in close touch with Institute affairs, this truism immediately brings to mind the names of those who labour and have laboured in its interest and in that class Major Martin most assuredly belongs.

The Institute was in his thoughts at all times. His interest was not limited to the period during which he held office. Prior to his appointment as Secretary and subsequently to his term as President he manifested the same unflagging interest which marked his official connection with the organization.

An indefatigable worker, he was constantly on the look-out for ideas and suggestions which might better the operation of the various phases of Institute activities. During his term of office a system was inaugurated with other organizations similar to this Institute, whereby notification might be given in advance of speakers travelling East or West, and who might be persuaded to make stop-overs to give addresses. Remote news items regarding the visit to the Dominion of some outstanding speaker and which would ordinarily be missed by the majority of readers, invariably caught his eye and was the signal for the immediate despatch of a letter or telegram in the interests of the Institute. Covering the year he held the office of President the Institute published the largest Annual Journal in its history of over 152 pages, a fact which speaks for itself.

What might be termed his "apprenticeship" in Institute affairs was served in close liaison with that Dean of Institute history who

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was so closely associated with its inception and later success, Lt.-Col. D. W. B. Spry, O.B.E., V.D. The writer often wondered if the unceasing interest in and watchfulness over the interests of the organization by Major Martin was not a result of that period during which these two officers were so closely in touch with and collaborated in Institute matters.

As an expression of the esteem in which he was held, Major Martin was presented with a mantel chime clock by the Institute at a meeting held on February 23rd, 1931, prior to his departure for Kingston. It is hoped that he will become actively associated with a similar organization in his new surroundings and give such the benefit of his experience.

We wish him every success and trust that at some future date he may again become a "resident" member of this organization.



When you are up against
Something big
Turret
Cigarettes help!

Battle Reporting

By Major General The Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.

THE too articulate soldier, the very literary soldier is suspect. The suspicion is fairly well founded that he has talked and written himself into promotion and appointments for which he was not honestly fitted; that he has talked and written himself out of ugly "jackpots" which would have sunk a better man. On the other hand, the "strong silent man" is frequently merely a thick-head.

The soldier should be able to write and speak his thoughts in clear and forceful language so as to make himself understood by other soldiers. Contact between the soldier and the civilian is another matter, so much so that it might well be he subject for another lecture. Those who have read Winston Churchill, Sir William Robertson, Sir Henry Wilson, and Spencer Wilkinson will most likely agree with me

What I am speaking about tonight is the writing of battle reports, a subject upon which the books give us very little guidance outside of some paragraphs on contractions, use of maps, compasses and the like. I propose to deal with the matter and the form such reports might take. In short, I advocate a degree of standardization.

Now, standardization is the fetish of the exponent of mass production. In industry, the advantages of standardization cannot be gainsaid up to a point—we have all heard the story of the man who worked in Mr. Ford's factory for fifteen years making bolt No. 27. Standardization makes for conservatism—for disinclination to change. Any change you make in standardization has far-reaching effects and tends to throw the machinery of production out of balance for a while at least.

In military matters, our standardization should be sufficiently flexible to admit of change when change makes for greater efficiency. So, when I suggest standardization in writing battle reports, I seek to do no more than put the idea of standardization before you, leaving the development of the idea and the proper use of it to you as individuals and to commanders in campaigns. Nor would I approach the subject at all, did I not know that in the late war in our service battle reporting was not as a rule well done and commanders of formations did not seem to know quite what to do with the reports when they got them.

The least that they might have done was to have gathered up every report that was written and shipped them back to Defence Headquarters in Canada.

What happened was this:—

Battalion Commanders wrote battle reports and lost or destroyed the Company Commander's reports.

Brigade Commanders wrote battle reports and frequently did not attach the Battalion Commander's report.

Divisional staffs burned the midnight oil and produced mighty tomes, tied up with red tape and as full of human interest as an Act of Parliament.

The Brigade Commander's report might or might not be attached. Frequently it was not.

The truth is that the further you get away from the Company and the Battalion Commander's reports, the further you get away from the realities, historical values and tactical truth.

Firstly, then, every officer who writes a battle report should have the assurance that what he writes will be read by his seniors, who are immensely interested in promoting efficiency and on the hunt for anything of tactical value in his report, and that subsequently his report will ultimately find its way into the national archives and play its proper part in the preparation of history.

Officers commanding formations from companies upward should write reports on operations, which reports should be complete, truthful and informative on all points of military interest. The objects and purposes of such reports are:—

(a) That without delay all branches of the service in the field may be put in possession of all useful information, positive as well as negative, gained from recent operations for immediate use in future operations in the campaign then being carried on, and

(b) To provide material for the sound preparation, without undue delay, of a military history of the campaign, which in turn lays the foundation for sound tactical and strategical doctrine and higher military policy.

In the field, the fighting soldier is constantly confronted by the "fog of war" in making his plans and in the carrying out of plans the "friction of war" intervenes, destroying his combinations or at all events tremendously adding to his difficulties. In writing military history the historian should find in the reports on operations, which have been properly written by commanders in the field, the fullest explanations for all mistakes and misadventures. The "fog of war" should be cleared away and the "friction of war" fully explained in each case. Eleven years after the Great War we find that reports written by commanders are frequently far from complete and battalion diaries are pretty much of a "wash out." The military historian now seeks the further information that he requires from other sources, with no assurance that these other sources are entirely trustworthy.

The true basis of sound reporting lies in a common doctrine on report writing, assisted, perhaps, by the tissue of a pro-forma for each campaign to provide for special circumstances. The fundamental principle involved is that the action of every formation or sub-unit (down to the section) under the command of the reporter ought to come under review and be dealt with in the report (as written by the Company Commander). It is possible, indeed probable, that not every section, platoon and not every company in a battalion, does something worthy of special or honourific mention but, as said above, the action of every formation should be brought under review. Subsequent events may show that, unknown to the writer at the time, the appearance of sections, platoons and companies here and there may have exercised a profound influence on the action. Within the battalion provision ought to be made to hear either verbally or in writing from the section and platoon commanders. The Battalion Commander should satisfy himself that in the preparation of the Company Commanders' reports, this has been done. With the Company Commanders' reports in hand, the Battalion Commander is now in a position to write his report.

Previous to the action the plan of the operation will have been communicated by the higher commander to the lower commanders. This will be followed by "Instructions" for the attack or operation. These instructions will take the form of conferences, memoranda, letters, notes and the like, held and issued, perhaps daily, or oftener. Time is the governing factor here. The personality of the Commander, his relations with his sub-commanders, the state of training of the units involved are further factors. Normally there is a plan and normally there are instructions out of which emerges the task of each unit and formation. If the instructions have been full and complete, the formal order for the operation should be short and contain no more than is necessary to put formations on the move.

The urgent necessity of frequent situation reports from all lower to higher formations in battle should be stressed. It is well, prior to an action, to set a time limit. Battalion Commanders might require Company Commanders to send in a written report every fifteen minutes. Brigade Commanders might order Battalion Commanders to report every twenty minutes or so. These orders might not be lived up to exactly, but they will have the effect of producing frequent reports. These reports might take the form of sketch maps issued for the operation upon which could be shown the situation of the troops with such further information added as might be necessary. No one going from a lower to a higher formation should be allowed to proceed without an up-to-the-minute report in writing.

Company, Battalion and Brigade Commanders should have for use during the action a "narrative book". This book may be any sort of a book or merely several sheets of paper pinned together. A suitably prepared book would, of course, be better. It should be dated and placed at the top of the page. Time by hours and minutes should run in the margin. In this book should be entered opposite

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the hour and minute every item, matter and thing not otherwise in writing. Verbal statements, examination of prisoners, statements of wounded men, a record of verbal reports sent and received. Things seen and heard, changing impressions from time to time. Things said and done. This book contains a living record of the action and is of the utmost value in the subsequent preparation of the reports. Don't tell me that Company and Battalion Commanders are too busy and preoccupied to keep such a record. **It has been done.**

The action has been fought. It has succeeded or failed or a bit of both. Now comes the writing of the report. The report should be clearly written by hand or by typewriter. It should be written in sections or paragraphs each numbered consecutively with key word or title. All that the reporter has to say on any subject should be set out in the appropriate paragraph or section. The report might begin as follows:—

Reference map
Place
From
To

Reference operation order
Date

I have the honour to submit herewith my report on the operations carried out by the _____ under my command on the _____ or between the _____ (giving dates) at _____ (giving names of places sufficient to identify the places of the action).

Here follow the numbered and named sections of the report as follows:—

(1) The plan or task.

Under this section should be set out briefly and concisely what it was that the unit was to do under the plan, instructions, operation order and subsequent orders.

(2) The ground.

Since ground plays so great a part in all military operations, a full description of the ground over which the unit operated or which influenced the operations of the unit should be given.

(3) Weather, wind, light, etc.

Weather dominates military operations. A clear statement of the weather throughout the action should be given.

(4) Preparation.

All items of preparation should be dealt with in this section.

(5) The approach march.

In this section should be set out all incidents of military value in connection with the approach of the unit to the point from which the action begins, known in the late war as the "jump-off line" or J.O.L. Occurrences and conditions during the approach march may have a profound influence on the subsequent operations—such as weariness, hunger, thirst, confusion, surprise, and the like.

(6) The narrative.

Time running the margin.

In this section, the reporter should give in chronological order the moves of his unit, its various formations, the receipt of orders, how they were carried out, the results or lack of the same with explanations; plus every incident which clarifies the report and truthfully sets forth the story of the unit during the action from first to last.

(7) Observations.

The items which follow explain themselves. They involve equipment, material, other troops, and the like. Any factor in the operation might well be mentioned here.

- (1) Our Artillery.
- (2) Enemy Artillery.
- (3) Our Aircraft.
- (4) Enemy Aircraft.
- (5) Our Machine Guns.
- (6) Enemy Machine Guns.
- (7) Our Gas.
- (8) Enemy Gas
- (9) Battle Equipment.
- (10) S.A.A., Grenades.
- (11) Rations and Water.
- (12) Communications.
- (13) Medical arrangements.
- (14) Other administrative arrangements.
- (15) Liaison.
- (16) Observation and intelligence.
- (17) Our Trench Mortars.
- (18) Enemy Trench Mortars.
- (19) Our Tanks.
- (20) Enemy Tanks.
- (21) Our Cavalry.
- (22) Enemy Cavalry.
- (23) Enemy Defences.
- (24) Neighbouring Troops.
- (25) Our morale.
- (26) Enemy morale.

(8) Casualties.

This section should show our casualties for officers killed, wounded and missing—other ranks killed, wounded and missing.

Then the grand total of officer casualties, other rank casualties; then the grand total of all casualties.

(9) Captures.

- (a) Arms including machine guns, field guns, howitzers, mortars, etc.
- (b) Transport.
- (c) Material.
- (d) Prisoners—officers, men.

The report may then be concluded with a reference to the behaviour of all ranks.

In dealing with other units and formations, the reporter should be scrupulously fair and exact. He should make very sure of his ground before reflecting upon his neighbours. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth should be his object. He should not err on the side of too much generosity. On the other hand, he should not shrink from the possibility of acrimonious discussion. Accuracy is the prime factor both in the interests of history which is to be written in the future, and in the interest of the tactical lessons to be immediately learned and put to use in the campaign then going on. It is the duty of the higher formations to investigate and reconcile conflicting claims and statements.

You will find in your books detailed instructions for the use of contractions, forms of address, hours, dates, use of compass, maps and the like. Here you have standardization or doctrine.

I recommend that when you first learn that an operation is proposed in which you will have a part you open a file immediately. You should put in this file every scrap of paper you use. When you come to write your report, you will find in this file, maps, aeroplane photographs, orders, memos, notes, letters, telegrams, conference memos, preparation data and the like. Before writing your report, you should arrange this matter chronologically.

You should say all that you have to say under each heading in that section. If you insist that every reporting officer under you uses the same pro-forma that you use, you will write every report with your subordinate's report open before you. If you find in your subordinate's reports disagreement as to important matters, do not rest until you have reconciled these contradictory statements, or, if they cannot be reconciled, comment upon them as best you can. It is most important that higher commanders' reports be soundly based on subordinate commanders' reports, always of course, allowing for the larger vision and the wider viewpoint of higher commanders. Nothing can be quite so unpleasant for all concerned as a higher commander's report which is not concurred in in important details by the officers and other ranks who took part in the operation.

Each campaign will produce its own special circumstances and conditions. These, of course, affect the form of the report. You

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should adapt this proposed form to the special circumstances of the campaign.

When you come to write your report, you should have before you:—

- (a) Messages received, bearing upon their face the hour of receipt.
- (2) Copies of messages sent.
- (c) Orders.
- (d) Verbal and written reports from subordinates.
- (e) Your narrative book.
- (f) Your file for the operation.

You should attach to your report the whole of the material immediately above mentioned, plus any other material such as letters, maps, captured documents, and the like.

Finally, I advise the reporter to keep a copy of the whole of the above material and the report for his own satisfaction in later years, and for the edification of those who in the future may have to play a part in another war.

A Double Murder in the Arctic Regions

Inspector C. D. LaNauze, R.C.M.P

THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE was formed by the Dominion Government in 1873 to create law and order in Western Canada. Having accomplished this and having materially assisted in the development of the West it received its title of Royal in 1905 when the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were formed. The Force still continued the active policing of these Provinces upon arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial Governments. In 1917 the Dominion withdrew its Force and the Provinces formed their own Provincial Police.

In 1920 the Force became a Federal constabulary for the whole Dominion and its title was changed to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Its scope is now strictly Federal except that in Saskatchewan the old arrangement has just been revived.*

The strength of the Force is now approximately one thousand of all ranks. It is commanded by a Commissioner with headquarters at the Dominion capital at Ottawa and is controlled by the Department of Justice.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is kept much before the public by means of sensational novels and short stories and even more sensational motion pictures, so much so that the general impression must be that the Force is composed of hard riding, scarlet coated super-men who always "get their man." This is a false impression. Civilization has swamped romance in Western Canada and the Force is composed of ordinary individuals the same as in any other well disciplined police force not so favoured with unsought publicity. It does not always "get its man" and its problems are no more acute than those of the many forces who police the Empire.

In Canada, the Yukon Territory and the Great North West Territories are administered by the Dominion government, consequently the policing of these territories is performed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The Force consequently polices the whole of the Arctic regions or North America from the Alaskan boundary to the Western shores of Smith Sound and Baffin Bay.

During the late war the whole Force from Commissioner down felt of course that they should be at the Front. The Government, however, felt otherwise and while a great percentage of the then serving members left and went overseas the Force was not allowed to raise a unit.

*Since then the Province of Alberta has entered into a similar agreement with the Dominion Government.

The police work of the Force was carried on under difficulties, as good men were leaving and recruits were of course scarce and it was at the height of this period in May, 1915, at Regina, Saskatchewan, that the writer received instructions to outfit at once for a two-year patrol in the Arctic regions.

The reason for the patrol was as follows: In the summer of 1913 two Roman Catholic priests of the Oblate Order, the Rev. Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, left their base at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River for the purpose of bringing salvation to the primitive Eskimo of Coronation Gulf. The priests had already made the acquaintance of some of these Eskimo in the country North and East of Great Bear Lake, as the Eskimo were in the habit of coming inland to the wooded country each summer to hunt caribou and get wood for their weapons. The Bishop had now decided to attempt to establish a mission on the Arctic Coast and it was for this purpose that the two priests started for the coast in the summer by way of Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River. Word was received from them by Indian messenger about September, 1913, stating that all was well, that they were on their way to the coast with the Eskimo and would not be back for probably more than a year.

Nothing further was heard until the Fall of 1914 when an explorer named D'Arcy Arden accompanied by several families of Bear Lake Indians fell in with a large band of primitive Eskimo on the barrens North East of Dease Bay on Great Bear Lake.

For centuries the Indians and the Eskimo have had a hereditary dread of each other; they cannot converse with each other, and it was generally the rule that when either was thought to be intruding on each other's territory discretion was thought to be the better part of valour and both sides retreated. On this occasion they actually met and the Indians were horrified to see that two adult male Eskimo were wearing priests' cassocks and one was seen carrying a rifle that the Indians recognized as belonging to the priests. Arden did his best to hold the Indians together and try and gain some information by the sign language, but the Indians were anxious to depart as they were outnumbered by the Eskimo and absolutely no information was gained concerning the priests.

This information finally reached the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese and he immediately requested a Police patrol to find the whereabouts of his now overdue priests.

Previous personal experience in the Mackenzie District made matters easier and the patrol which consisted of the writer and Constables Withers and Wight outfitted in Edmonton, Alberta, and were transported to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River by the Hudson's Bay Company. As it was quite likely we would have to deal with Eskimo an interpreter was secured from the mouth of the Mackenzie and it was not until July 23rd that the patrol was actually ready to start from Fort Norman, the point the priests set out from.

From here we were dependent on our own resources, and with Arden as guide we struggled up the swiftly flowing Bear River, crossed Great Bear Lake in an open boat and finally on September 8th reached Dease Bay at the north east end of Great Bear Lake, 500 miles from Fort Norman. Here we fell in with a few Slavey Indians who had known the priests well; they had absolutely no news of the priests and were camped on an island in the bay for fear of the Eskimo. They stated that a few nights previous to our arrival their tepees had been stoned and the next day they found fresh Eskimo tracks. One of the women was particularly intelligent. She was the last to see the priests and remembered that they told her they were going to the "salt water" with the Eskimo and were to accompany an Eskimo named Hupo. She said the priests had built a small house on the edge of a lake at the extreme "edge of the woods" about 60 miles north east of where we were and should we find that we might find some message the priests had left behind. No Indians had been in that country since the previous Fall as they were afraid of the Eskimo.

We had taken many statements but this was the first definite statement we had received.

The winter was already setting in and with dogs packed and packs on ourselves we started at once for the priests' lake and had not much difficulty in locating it.

An arm of the Dease River Valley Woods runs clear into the barren grounds and here on the edge of a big lake surrounded by high rolling hills we found the cabin of the missing priests.

We approached it with mixed feelings. Would our quest end here or would we have to proceed to the Arctic waste? The suspense was quickly lifted for we found the cabin in ruins and not a clue discernable as to the missing priests. Eskimo had apparently visited the place recently for we found fresh chips of wood and not far away fresh Eskimo tracks.

The Eskimo, however, if they wished to, could easily have avoided us in that great country. They would easily know of our presence by our fires, a luxury they do not need in their summer life, and unless we actually surprised them they would be hard to find as their deer skin clothing blended with the surrounding country.

Winter was rapidly approaching, lakes and streams were already frozen and it was decided to return to Dease Bay, winter there in its hospitable woods, and when the backbone of the winter was broken continue our journey to the Arctic Coast and reach the Eskimo while they were still living on the ice.

The chief reason for this decision was the safety of the patrol, the days were shortening rapidly, the caribou were moving south and as we were practically dependent on our rifles for food it was not wise to proceed to the coast at this season.

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What a magnificent country is the Barren Grounds north of Great Bear Lake in the Fall of the year. A great brown rolling country intersected with deep ravines and sparkling lakes, great herds of lordly caribou everywhere, ptarmigan in hundreds in the willows, and the blue waters of Great Bear Lake stretching far to the south surrounded by its dark green spruce woods. The air was like champagne and at night the barrens were lit by the brilliant aurora which gyrated and danced playfully in front of us mortals as we gazed in awe at its shimmering rainbow splendour.

Dease Bay was reached early in October and preparations to winter at once begun. Some old log cabins were rapidly made habitable, fishing, hunting and wood cutting was religiously carried out and by the time the sun had disappeared and the cold weather set in the patrol was well housed and well supplied with dog feed and meat.

With the advent of the New Year the real cold weather came. Our small thermometer could only register 60 degrees below zero and it simply stayed there for it could go no further. The air was so clear, dry and bracing that we did not suffer and our cabins were snug. Wood cutting always gave exercise and kept us busy. Photography was a godsend.

Actually we were wintering well inside the Arctic Circle, two thousand miles north of the nearest railroad and five hundred miles from the nearest trading post. We enjoyed the winter for everyone kept busy and looked forward to the spring journey to the coast and the continuance of our work.

So far we had no occasion to use the services of our Eskimo interpreter, Ilavinek. He was employed at jobs he liked, such as hunting and fishing, for an Eskimo does not like hard work nor can you treat him in the manner of master and servant. Ilavinek was "consulted" at all times, was made to feel his own importance, that he was the "mouth" of the patrol, and during that winter his confidence was gained and his somewhat strange English, learned on whaling ships, understood.

The mystery of the missing priests was ever before us and plans were fully discussed and laid as to how we should continue our work on the coast.

On March 29, 1916, we resumed our journey to the coast, Constable Withers taking charge of the base. The party consisted of Arden, Constable Wight, Ilavinek and the writer, with two toboggans and two teams of four dogs each.

The Barren Grounds were now white wind swept plains. We passed the priests' lake and struck north east to find the Coppermine River which we knew flowed into Coronation Gulf. The Coppermine was found and on it there was timber of sorts to within twenty miles

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of the coast. The spring migration of the caribou had commenced and our supply of meat and dog feed was assured.

On April 30th we stood on the shores of the Polar Sea. Fresh Eskimo sled tracks were seen leading east on Coronation Gulf. Now at least we could resume our investigations.

On May 1st we saw a small Eskimo encampment and as we approached the inhabitants came out holding their arms well above their heads. We promptly did the same, as Ilavinek explained that this was the peace sign. Ilavinek then went forward and spoke in Eskimo. A scene of wild delight followed as men, women and children and dogs rushed out from the skin tents and escorted us joyfully into their camp.

It took some time to settle down and then began our hardest time, the practice of restraint as to our mission.

It is peculiar to some primitive races and especially to the Eskimo that if you want to get definite information you must wait until it is given voluntarily. Our policy was therefore not to "pump" the Eskimo until at least there was no other way available. Just at present there was no hurry, we had reached the coast when the Eskimo had gathered in large camps on the sea ice for spring sealing operations, game was plentiful and we also learned to our surprise that some white men with a ship were wintering west of Coronation Gulf and that two white men were in camp one day's travel east. We hoped we had fallen in with the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

Leaving Ilavinek in camp we proceeded east and soon came upon a camp of the Southern Party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition whose members were a surveyor by name of Chipman, and Corporal Bruce of the Herschel Island Detachment of the R.N.W.M.P.

After cordial greetings enquiries were made for the missing priests. "What," said Chipman, "are they not back on Great Bear Lake?" Having informed him of our search he said, "Well, they never have reached the coast. This is the second winter of the Expedition in here and our interpreter and ethnologist have heard absolutely nothing from the natives. They must have perished somewhere between the coast and Great Bear Lake."

Corporal Bruce informed me that after Ilavinek had joined our party at Fort Norman he had been sent in east from Herschel Island by the Canadian Arctic Expedition ship "Alaska" to endeavour to work on the case in Coronation Gulf and if possible connect with the patrol. The move had been a good one as Bruce knew the country and had quietly ascertained without exciting any suspicion what Eskimo had white men's effects in their possession. He had wisely made no direct enquiries but naturally had come to the same conclusion as Chipman.

Arden then joined Chipman, Bruce joined the patrol, and we returned to the Eskimo camp to pick up Ilavinek.

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The object of the patrol now was to visit quietly every Eskimo camp in Coronation Gulf and especially to find the Eskimo named Hupo who was mentioned by the Indian woman on Great Bear Lake.

It must be understood that the Eskimo of Coronation Gulf then knew absolutely nothing about law and order. Of white men they had seen very few, some none at all, and their conception of the universe was that it did not extend beyond their own country except to the south, where there were Indians whom they did not trust.

The Eskimo were natural hosts. We were their equal. Nor were they unduly curious as to our presence among them. We were simply visitors and should be treated accordingly. The Canadian Arctic Expedition had made no foolish attempt to civilize them or to give them clothing or weapons; consequently we were working amongst a primitive and unspoiled hardy race who lived comfortably and happily seven months of the year on the Arctic ice.

Ilavenik had gained absolutely no information at the Eskimo camp but by no means had given up hope and his optimism was an inspiration to us all.

The patrol now travelled north west across Coronation Gulf and spent the night at an Eskimo village of skin tents pitched on the ice between some islands. The natives were busy sealing and we received the usual hearty welcome.

Having informed an Eskimo named Koomuk that we came from Great Bear Lake, he told us he had been there but then shut up suddenly and would not talk any more. Food was produced and the people talked about the hunting, etc., but of nothing else and the subject of the Bear Lake country was not pressed. The people's attitude at this camp made us feel that the Eskimo knew something about the priests. It was intensely hard to refrain from questioning.

On the night of May 7th the patrol reached a large Eskimo village situated at the Eastern end of the Dolphin and Union Straits. We received the usual hearty welcome, and after we had made camp and finished supper Ilavinek and the writer started out on our usual visit of the people. For a time we were surrounded by the curious which gradually disappeared until we were left alone with two men, obviously brothers, who seemed genuinely anxious to talk.

We told them we had come from Great Bear Lake and they at once said they had often been there. They were then asked had they seen white men before and they said yes, they had seen Steffanson's native, a man named Natkusiak, speak of Ilavinek. They were very glad to see Ilavinek and to hear that he had travelled so far to see them and that he came as "the mouth of the white man."

It was now about midnight, the sun was setting and the people and our men had apparently turned in. The brothers then suggested that we come and sit with them in their house and talk and the in-

vation was quietly accepted. We were taken to a small snow house in the middle of the village. We crawled through the opening on our stomachs and soon almost stood up inside its dome shaped roof. We all sat down on the raised sleeping bench made of snow blocks and covered with soft musk oxen and caribou skins. The seal oil lamp was burning. There was a pause, they waited for us to commence and then Ilavinek spoke to the writer and said, "Inspector, I think we can talk straight now. These two brothers trust me. Will I go ahead?" I said, "Yes, and I won't say one word until you tell me." Ilavinek commenced.

I saw him talk long and earnestly. I saw him describe the priests, their height, their cassocks and the cross they adways carried suspended from the neck. There was a dead silence. Then the two brothers began to cry softly. Still silence. When at last the elder turned and spoke a few words to Ilavinek—I could see Ilavinek sit up and tremble—his mouth was open wide. "What's that?" he said. They spoke again, then he turned and trembling with emotion said, "Inspector, these men tell me everything. The poor fathers were killed all right. The Eskimo killed them. Now I find out some more."

I slipped away and aroused Corporal Bruce and when we arrived Ilavinek and the Eskimo were calmed down and ready to talk seriously. One other Eskimo had arrived, a stout and elderly man named Koeha, and the natives all began to talk at once. Ilavinek said, "Let the mouth who knows most speak first." And the brothers replied, "Let Koeha speak."

By the flickering light of a seal oil stone lamp in that distant Eskimo camp the story of an Arctic tragedy was slowly unfolded.

The priests had reached the coast with the Eskimo when the snow was soft, the sea ice not yet strong and the sun was very low, evidently in early November. They had only remained there a few days and stated they would return to Bear Lake and come back next year by ship. They had started back at the worst time of the year for travel poorly equipped. They had evidently had some trouble with some of the Eskimo over a rifle which was said to have been promised. A day after they left they were followed up and brutally murdered for their rifles by two Eskimo named Sinnisiak and Uluksak. The murderers had returned to the camp and Uluksak had told them all that had happened and said he had been urged to assist by Sinnisiak.

Koeha, who was the first to tell us the story said, "At first I did not believe that they had killed the two good white men who were our friends, so I went to see and by following the tracks I found the two white men dead near the Falls, about 24 miles south. The dogs were still alive and tied to the sled so I unloosed them. We never spoke of this before to a white man as we were afraid they might kill us all. Now we speak to you through Ilavinek."

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Taking statements from Eskimo is painstaking work. They have practically no conception of time and it is hard for them to think back and especially hard for them to recall years. They also soon tire and want to go to sleep. They must be kept interested themselves. Humour interjected at points assisted and Bruce was invaluable in that he could imitate the bell-like note of the Arctic raven to perfection and this often restored wakefulness, humour and rain of thought.

It took us four hours' patient work to get that first statement, and we turned in with a great load off our minds. Success was coming to the patrol for we learned that both murderers were at large and in the country. Sinnisiak, the principal murderer, was supposed to be north on Victoria Island. Uluksak was last heard of as being east on the Kent Peninsula.

We travelled west to Bernard Harbour, to the Canadian Arctic Expedition base, to get some supplies. Many Eskimo were met en route and the news had now quickly spread as to the object of our visit. We met Hupo, whom we had heard of from the Indian woman on Great Bear Lake, who corroborated many points, and we fell in with an Eskimo named Mayuk who said he had seen Sinnisiak during the early winter and thought he could find the tribe he lived with.

At the Expedition's base we were well received and quickly outfitted and on May 12th we struck north across the Dolphin and Union Straits for Victoria Island. Great difficulty was experienced in finding the old camps of the tribe for it was by following their deserted snow houses from camp to camp that we expected to find the people, and our efforts were further impeded by 48 hours of thick fog.

At last, on May 15th, one year from the date of our departure from Regina, we saw the low coast line of Victoria Island loom up and on it a large village of Eskimo skin tents.

It had been decided that no display of force was to be shown unless absolutely necessary and we walked into that camp apparently unarmed.

After the usual careful approach Mayuk and Ilavinek went forward and we were soon surrounded by about forty excited and very primitive looking Eskimo. Ilavinek was splendid. His self-confidence and his importance were increasing and he had wisely instructed our new assistant, Mayuk, how to act.

After preliminaries, Wight kept the crowd interested, and our new guide quietly led us to a large tent at the far end of the village. In it sat a man and his wife and he was sitting there, tailor fashion, literally shaking with fear. He said his name was Sinnisiak and for us not to dare to kill him. Sinnisiak was formally arrested by Bruce, and as he would not stand up when we asked him to, we lifted him up and relieved him of the priests' rifle and two large knives he was

sitting on. In the meantime the whole village crowded around us and those who could crowded into the tent.

Now was the time for Ilavinek to act, and he did it thoroughly and well. He told the people that we had come for this man; that their own people had told us he was the man and that he must come with us before the white chief and that we would promise nothing. The prisoner refused to come and appealed to the people, and a great discussion ensued. Ilavinek after a while resumed and said we were not looking for trouble, but he must come with us because we were not going without him. Here discussion followed until an elderly Eskimo spoke up and said, "The white man does not speak to us with two tongues. What he says is true. Sinnisiak must go with him, and none of us will put out our hand to help him."

Even then we could not hurry. Obvious haste was not wise nor was it understood, and we were actually eight hours in that camp before we got the prisoner quietly away.

Sinnisiak was intensely nervous. He still expected to meet instant death at our hands, and the first thing he did when he reached the Expedition's base, was quietly to steal five butcher knives from the cook and conceal them on his person.

At Bernard Harbour he was charged with murder, and after most careful explanation of the procedure in "the statement of the accused" he said, "I want to talk."

Sinnisiak told everything. He stated he and Uluksak had accidentally met the priests and they had insisted on them helping to pull the sled in payment for some traps; that they had camped one night with them and next day, being afraid of them, decided to kill them. Sinnisiak said he got behind Father LeRoux on a pretence while Father Rouvier was running ahead of the sled. He had then sprung upon him and stabbed him with his long snow knife and Uluksak had finished him while he wounded Father Rouvier with the priest's rifle. Both men then finished killing Rouvier, cut open his stomach and ate a piece of his liver. Then, each taking a rifle and cartridges, returned to the coast.

Having committed Sinnisiak for trial, he was left at Bernard Harbour in charge of Corporal Bruce while the original patrol returned east to the mouth of the Coppermine in the hope of finding Uluksak.

Fortune still favoured the patrol for Uluksak was arrested on Trokton Island on May 22nd and later committed for trial. Uluksak's statement agreed with that of Sinnisiak except that he said he was urged on by Sinnisiak and that they had eaten a piece of the liver of both priests. He said, "I have carried this in my head a long time and am glad you have come. Are you going to kill me at once?" He also stated that Koomuk, the man we were first suspicious of in the gulf, had taken the rifle from him.

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Our next duty was to convey our prisoners to the nearest Police post and as we had the Canadian Arctic Expedition ship "Alaska" at our disposal, it was decided that the prisoners should be taken to Herschel Island by sea.

The patrol now separated. Constable Wight and Ilavinek returned to our base on Great Bear Lake, visiting the scene of the murder en route, while the writer returned to Bernard Harbour with Uluksak and joined Corporal Bruce with Sinnisiak.

Herschel Island lay 700 miles West of Coronation Gulf and was reached safely in early August. From here the Arctic Expedition proceeded to Vancouver and carried the patrol's official reports. Instructions would be received via Dawson, Yukon, the following February.

Ilavinek reached Herschel Island in September by whale boat from Norman, the party having made a successful trip to Fort Norman. Wight had gone "out", and a report from him was received stating that they had found some evidence at the scene of the crime.

Instructions were received in due course to bring the prisoners to Edmonton, Alberta, for their trial. Wight, in the meantime, had been instructed to return to Fort Norman.

The patrol left the Mackenzie Delta in July by the Hudson's Bay Company's annual steamer and Constable Wight was awaiting us at Fort Norman.

Our good fortune continued, for Koeha, our principal witness, accompanied by a half-breed named Patsey, a former Expedition employee, were at Norman and awaiting us on Wight's request.

Koeha and Patsey had bravely ventured that spring from Coronation Gulf to Norman to trade and had arrived at Norman with some Indians on the last ice.

The patrol was once united and reached Edmonton in August where a special court had been convened to hear the cases.

The first trial commenced on August 14th, when Sinnisiak was charged with the murder of Father Rouvier.

The trials were the hardest part of the patrol. The faithful interpreter, Ilavinek, proved hopeless as a court interpreter. We, of course, could understand him and the presiding judge was extremely patient, but the lawyers had not got the patience, and when Ilavinek was questioned by them he would appeal to me for an explanation of what they asked of him.

Fortunately we had brought Patsey. He was pressed into the breach and really did very well owing to his experience with the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

The prosecution was conducted by the Department of Justice and the defence by the Department of Indian Affairs. The prosecution submitted the prisoner's statements as evidence and we felt really sorry for Ilavinek, as he was put through a most gruelling cross-examination by the defence as to whether the statements were voluntary or extracted. The statements were admitted as evidence.

Koeha was an excellent witness. He had observed the procedure and when his turn came he walked quietly into the witness box, placed his hands on the edge and calmly surveyed the crowded courtroom. His evidence could not be questioned, and had more witnesses been available no doubt much additional information would have been gained as to the last days of the missing priests.

Constable Wight produced evidence from the scene of the crime including two empty cartridge cases, a human lower jaw and part of the diary of the unfortunate priests. The last page, written in French, contained the following tragic entry, "We have been disillusioned by the Eskimo; we have little to eat, we do not know what to do."

The defence put Sinnisiak on the stand in his own behalf, and called Uluksak for the defence. The prisoners, however, never departed a fraction from the original statements they had made over a year previously in Coronation Gulf.

The case reached the jury on August 17th, and after several hours' deliberation a verdict of "not guilty" was brought in.

It was impossible for the Eskimo to understand this. Sinnisiak merely remarked, "It's not true I killed him?" Ilavinek at last said, "Does it mean this, that we work all these two years for nothing?"

The prosecution at once made an appeal in chambers before the Chief Justice for a change of venue for the next trial. This was hotly opposed but was granted and the second trial took place at Calgary on August 22nd, when Uluksak and Sinnisiak were charged jointly with the murder of Father DeRoux.

The second trial only lasted three days, as both the Chief Justice and the lawyers were getting used to the Eskimo. Excellent speeches were made by both defence and prosecution followed by an admirable and humane charge to the jury by the Chief Justice.

After an hour's deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" with "the strongest recommendation of mercy that a jury can make." The final result was that the prisoners were sentenced to death and the sentence in a few days commuted to imprisonment for life, to be served in the Far North.

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After two years in charge of the police in the Mackenzie the prisoners were pardoned and allowed to return to Coronation Gulf where they have ever since been apostles of law and order.

Civilization has now reached the Arctic Coasts in the guise of fur traders and wireless stations and with it is passing, to a great extent, the primitive life of the Eskimo.

It was the good fortune of the patrol to see this last fine race as they were since creation, and to some extent share their simple lives and thoughts.



Aviation in War and Peace

An Address by Major-General J. H. MacBrien at the annual Vimy
Commemoration Dinner, April 9, 1931

“**A**VIATION in War and Peace” was the subject of an address by Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C. B., C. M. G., D. S. O., guest speaker before the Alberta Military Institute at the Annual Vimy Commemoration Dinner held in the Hotel Palliser the evening of April 9th, 1931. The President, Lieut. Hugh C. Farthing, M.A., M.L.A., was the chairman of the evening.

Declaring that the toast was meant not only for the soldiers of today, but for all those who had worn the King's uniform, Capt. the Rev. F. H. Wilkinson, M.M., M.A., B.D., proposed the toast to His Majesty's Forces, which was responded to by Col. F. C. Jamieson, V.D., K.C., M.L.A., of Edmonton.

Canada was on the edge of a new day, when she was to make decision for herself as a nation, Col. Jamieson declared. Preparedness for the eventuality of war did not mean militarism, it meant safety, he said. Were the Dominion's forces adequate to hold the door of Canada against invasion until her reserves of man power could be mobilized? he asked.

Calgary was one of the most hospitable places on the face of the earth, Lieut.-Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O., vice-president of the institute, declared, in proposing a toast to the guests. In responding to the toast, His Honor Lieut.-Governor (Dr. William Egbert) paid tribute to the Military Institute as a moulder of public opinion. Such gatherings as this had a wonderful effect on the foreign element that had recently come to this country, he said.

General MacBrien dealt with his subject in two parts, military and civil aviation. In concluding part one, dealing with aviation in warfare, the speaker recalled that the air force was now in full partnership with the navy and the army.

“The Great War,” he said, “demonstrated the beginnings of air power. Before many years the ability to make war successfully will depend on air power.”

“The naval supremacy of Britain was won,” he continued, “because we were the greatest seafaring people. So, too, will air supremacy be won by that country which becomes the greatest airfaring community. Therefore commercial aviation is to the air forces of the Empire what the mercantile marine is to the royal navy.

“The air force will grow steadily in importance as aviation progresses, so all members of Canada's defence forces, in fact all citizens,

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should study and assist its development in our country," General MacBrien said.

"The first successful flight of a heavier-than-air machine was accomplished in 1903, so that the aeroplane is in its twenty-eighth year of development," the speaker declared. "The military importance of the aeroplane was soon recognized and was brought home to the British when Bleriot flew the channel in 1909. In the same year the first attempt to use an aeroplane for military purposes was made in Canada by J. A. McCurdy at Petawawa camp. Unfortunately it crashed owing to the rough ground. Nothing further was done in the use of aircraft in Canada up to the outbreak of the Great War."

"About 11,000 Canadians served in the various branches of the air service in Canada, England or in the theatres of war. At the end of the war approximately 20 per cent of the Royal Air Force pilots were Canadians, and they won a splendid name for themselves as fighting pilots. No Canadian air units took part in the war. In the Summer of 1918 the organization of two squadrons was authorized and they were about ready to go to France when the Armistice came.

"In Canada, the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service was formed and operated from Dartmouth, Halifax and Sydney, C.B., combatting the submarine menace on the Atlantic coast. After the Armistice all Canadian air units and personnel were demobilized. All that Canada had left was a large body of ex-airmen who had had most valuable training and experience. Most of these were of the opinion that aviation could be of immense service to our country in peace. All manufacture was also stopped in Canada.

"Nations realize that if one country has a quicker system of transportation than the other it will have a corresponding advantage. They all know, too, that an efficient air force is essential to the successful military defence of their country. Therefore, we find all progressive nations trying hard to develop aviation as rapidly as possible for two reasons: One, economic and commercial; two, defence purposes.

"Commercial aviation forms a most valuable reserve to military aviation. Every aircraft owned or built in a country, every pilot and mechanic trained, every airport and airway established is an asset for defence.

"Commercial aviation is of greater importance than the average business undertaking. However, in spite of its importance, it is still an expensive means of transportation and as yet in no part of the world is it 'flying by itself' or 'standing on its own feet.' We find it receiving either direct or indirect assistance from the respective governments because of its national and economic importance.

"Commercial aviation has grown rapidly since the war, due to the recognition that aircraft is the means of extending the radius of human activity far beyond the scope of any vehicle which moves upon

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the surface of the earth. Air transportation has become in most countries an established method of moving men, mails, money and merchandise. It has been found that acceleration of transportation means the acceleration of business.

"The size of the world as measured by the time taken to travel from place to place is being steadily reduced. The highways of the air will be limited only by the dimensions of the earth.

"All Canadian aviation activities ceased with the Armistice, but it was soon realized that Canada must have some kind of an air organization, and in 1919 the government passed the Air Board Act, which provided for the control of aeronautics. In the same year the British government presented five million dollars worth of aerial equipment to Canada. This magnificent gift, together with the flying boats of the disbanded Royal Canadian Naval Air Service, provided the necessary equipment for the first experimental work in forestry protection, aerial photography for survey purposes, transportation and exploration flights into our north country.

"Early in 1920 an order-in-council authorized a non-permanent military service and a civil flying service, another order-in-council, about the same time, passed the air regulations for the control of civil aviation. These measures provided an organization and the necessary regulations to control aviation in the three divisions into which it naturally falls in Canada: (1) military defence; (2) civil government, and (3) commercial and civil operations. Late in 1921 the government made a decision to organize the department of National Defence. Early in 1922 the powers of the 'air board' were vested in the Minister of Militia and Defence.

"All personnel of the civil flying service was put on a military basis and the Canadian Air Force became a homogeneous corps and soon afterward was granted the title of 'Royal' by His Majesty the King. These changes were confirmed by the National Defence Act, which became effective on January 1, 1923.

"In Canada, natural conditions are favorable for the development of all branches of aviation. We find that: Three-fourths of our country is still unserved by roads or railways. Until the advent of aircraft many of our northern areas had only steamer or canoe communication for a few weeks in the summer time and by dog team in the winter. Aircraft is admirably suited for transportation and exploration work in our north country.

"Most of our country remains to be surveyed and vast areas to be explored. Aerial survey has now reached a high degree of accuracy and only costs a fraction of survey by ground methods. Here is an abundance of important work for commercial operators if the governments concerned are wise enough to let it out by contract to properly equipped companies.

"Our great distances and widely separated business centres offer the best possible conditions for the transportation by air of mails, express and passengers. Our mail system is still in the initial stages of its development. Each year should see a substantial increase in the air mileage, which means practical work for aviation companies to perform.

"Clear and comprehensive policies from the Dominion and Provincial governments are needed by those engaging in this new industry. The main principle involved is that of government ownership and operation versus employment of private companies. The work performed by aircraft is of the nature of public service or utility such as transportation of mails and aerial surveys. Therefore, if the principle of private ownership and operation is accepted, rather than public, then commercial aviation companies will naturally look to the various governments to supply them with a certain amount of work to do. Generally speaking, government policies should provide productive work for commercial companies and should not set up their own flying organizations to do the necessary aerial work.

"The geographical position of Canada is such as to enable her to become one of the most important units in Empire and world air transportation.

"The shortest air route from Great Britain to eastern Asia is across Canada; U.S. to northern and western Europe is over the central and eastern parts of Canada; U.S. to Asia and the Far East is over the western part of Canada. The Canadian-British Arctic air route is under consideration and important exploration work in this connection is in progress."

In concluding his address General MacBrien said:

"It has been said by a student of world affairs that aircraft and synthetic chemistry are the arbiters of the world's destiny. The great importance of air transportation is gradually being recognized. Commerce will follow our airways as it has followed our waterways and railways in the past.

"Canadian airways are of great national importance. Some of them are and will be internationally important and some of them will be part of an Empire system. Air transportation to be fully successful commercially must be swift, sure and safe. Organization on the ground gives safety and sureness to air travel—so let us work for organized flying.

"Our present civilization and prosperity depends in a large measure upon transportation. All forms of transportation are supplementary to each other and together they should form a single and undivided service. The problem is to allot to each vehicle its appropriate tasks and loads. Aircraft is so decidedly supreme under enough circumstances as to make its employment essential."

The following artists contributed to the programme: George A. Wilson, Alex. Reid, Harold A. Eldridge and Herbert A. Webster.

Memories of the Canadian Corps —From Amiens to Mons

By The Very Rev. R. J. Renison, D.D., Dean of Westminster

WHEN I was asked to speak to you, I confess I felt rather shy about accepting the invitation, because from a few memories of the war days I have a very vivid recollection about the importance which officers generally gave to the opinion of "padre" on any subject whatever. But, on the other hand, there is no use trying to deny the fact; that whatever the psychological attitude of the modern world may be towards the terrible madness between the years 1914 and 1918, leaving aside all theories concerning the origin of the war or the possibility of evading it, I am only speaking for myself, but I feel that I am telling what is probably in the minds of many of you, that many of those years will live ever in our memories as the greatest event of our lives, because then mankind stood upon the mountain peaks and breathed the air of sacrifice. We have almost forgotten now that we are down in the valley of humiliation.

I want to talk to you for a few minutes about the One Hundred Days. Everyone who is a student of military history will remember that until the end of the Great War, the expression, "hundred days" was always associated with the return of Napoleon from Elba until his Waterloo. But it came spontaneously to the minds of thousands of men in France on the 11th of November, 1918, that they had seen the greatest hundred days in the history of the world. There are times when for centuries the stream of humanity moves on in a sequence that can be anticipated decade after decade. Then there comes a time when events happen so rapidly that there is a grand chasm made and a canyon of history opens up in a moment and the whole history of the world is changed.

There are a great many of you who will remember what the Canadian Corps was doing in the summer of 1918. There were all kinds of rumours going on and a great many things suspected then are now admitted by military historians. After the great retreat in March there was a great deal of pessimism at headquarters on the Western Front. People wondered what the Canadians were doing behind the lines. They were having a rather easy time. We were enjoying ourselves. "We were being fattened for the slaughter," said the oldtimers.

Then in the last days of July there was that great military celebration of Dominion Day that I will never forget and could not help thinking afterwards of the Olympian games held after the Battle of Thermopylae. There was a great Dominion Day celebration behind the lines not far from Saint-Pol, and the various contingents gathered

in a way they had not for years. Suddenly orders came to the battalion that no leave was to be given, and in twenty-four hours an order came that in three hours the battalion was to march to the rail-head. They marched away and the fellows were cursing and damning everything. Ypres is a place of glorious memory now, but then they looked and felt differently. You will remember the French trains, "40 men and 8 horses," as they said. I have not been in the old country since the war, but I have often wondered whether the French trains look the same now as they did then. You could not tell the head of the train, and to the surprise of everybody the train moved off to the right instead of the left, and we knew that we were not headed for the Ypres salient. The crowd cheered as we went on for several hours and got off and marched through the Valley of Picardy. The whole Canadian Corps was on the march, although we only saw our own battalion. Miles behind the lines where the war had not touched except inferentially you could see the white roads lined with poplars looking like feather dusters. Those roads were made in Napoleon's time. They marched all night and slept all day. Then you would come to those French villages, and what impressions you would get!

I have thought that France may have after all solved the method of rural living. Every two or three kilometres there is the village in the valley with the trees around it, and the church, and the place where the mayor lives, the blacksmith shop and the school, and all the self-contained little community live there. In the mornings they leave and go out to their labours in the fields and there is a complete unit in each valley. You would march along the street, with a white wall on either side, and then you would see a cryptic mark telling you where your billet was and you would step through a doorway and go into manure up to your neck, and find chickens and geese even in the kitchens. Mademoiselle would bring out the cafe au lait and you would find your way around as most men know how to do. You would find the front of the house was towards the back, with a garden of flowers and fruit trees. I asked how it was, and an old cure told me the old French idea was developed a thousand years ago when bandits were around and it was wise to turn your back on the enemies. In those villages we marched and slept for eight days.

It was an extraordinary scene with the golden sun of the first of August shining on the fields ripened for the harvest, and old women labouring in the fields, a woman and an ox sometimes hitched together. None but old men there. The rest were all gone and one night, about the sixth of August, we came near Amiens and the stars were shining brightly.

I can never forget the sight of the old cathedral with the bursting shells lighting it up and the light of the stars shining through it. Then we saw our artillery for the first time and a conglomeration of units. The remarkable thing was the staff work which made such a move possible. We then turned into the villages and prepared to move into the lines and take the place of the Australians. I have

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never heard any language to equal that of the Australians. We went into their trenches late on the night of the 7th of August. It was a memorable night. It must be a dream to many of us. It does not require the knowledge of a military expert to state that here was something new in the way of battle strategy.

Before I went over in 1916, there was a talk of the great offensive and the Battle of the Somme that was to take place, and here in Canada we heard for a whole week of the bombardment that took place and nothing could withstand it. But I suppose the German Army gathered their reserves, and when the show began the attack was made and they found the whole German army in front of them and six hundred thousand of the British Army were lost. There was no surprise. In this offensive the Canadians were in the spearhead, the Australians on the right, and on the left the British. But the whole Canadian Corps was gathered for the first time in the most complete fashion during the war. There was a bombardment with guns that had come from miles and miles away, and everything was in place from machine guns down to the 9.2. On the 8th of August, in the morning, a barrage was to be started, and under that shelter the Corps was to advance.

No knowledge was given to them beforehand. Do you remember the night before with the fellows in the trenches busy with letter writing and other things? Then suddenly the barrage began. It was nothing that a man can describe. You could not tell one explosion from another. It seemed as if the whole sky was every colour you had ever seen or could imagine. The whole world seemed to be ablaze and overhead were destroying angels travelling on. It seemed as if a planet was moving through space with a propellor large enough to drive it through the sky. Then the battalions moved over. The extraordinary thing looking at it now was the staff work in the last stages of the war that, when the zero hour came, it was the lance-corporals and young subalterns who went forward and the whole fate of the world seemed to be in their hands.

I remember right in front of us was a tank and on the top was a Highlander playing his bagpipes. In the darkness I thought those tanks going over with the men looked like prehistoric monsters, especially when they seemed to bury their noses in the ground. The work of the artillery was something new. It was ready to start forward with the infantry. By the time B.H.Q. got started it was late, but we were quite near enough. We went forward and we saw the Heinies coming in with their hands up. I heard some stories about fellows who in order to be sure that the Heinies would not run too fast would cut their buttons off their trousers, and so soon as they held up their hands their trousers would drop.

I heard of one fellow, a Scotsman, who ran into a dug-out, and he said he found a rich officer, rich because he was fat, and the officer had a lot of francs which his captor took and then found he had some postoffice orders that were payable in Switzerland. The German

thought if he was captured he would have some money for emergencies, but he was made to sign the money orders, and then the Scotsman kicked him back to the rear

Then it happened that at Marcel Cave the Colonel was mortally wounded and the Padre was detailed to take him back. I only mention this because it gave me a chance to see something. I saw a cross-section of an advancing army. I have been told by men who know something about battle affairs that the Battle of Amiens was an ideal show. That is, it came out exactly as it was planned. The artillery was right beside the flowing lines of infantry, and I thought it was an extraordinary thing to see the horses standing still, many of them wounded, and with the roar of artillery that would make you think it impossible to take light artillery forward, the splendid beasts trembling, but standing still. Then came a sight we never expected to see in the war, the cavalry coming into line near Villers-Brettonneux. As the morning sun came up you could see the lances touched with sun, and there were the Inniskillings and the Strathconas coming up at a gallop.

Another thing that struck me was the way the working battalions got into line. Here, two miles already beyond our front lines, were working battalions fixing up the roads. Cops were standing at corners directing traffic as if on parade, and then there came streams of transports, thousands and thousands of every kind. To my mind the striking thing from the technical point of view was the way the transport was kept up in an advancing show of that kind. Men ten miles behind the German lines got their mail that night.

Then back to Villers-Brettonneux outside of Amiens I got a glance of the general casualty clearing station of the Canadian Corps. There was an old white chateau about two miles outside of Amiens where the wounded were gathered together. There were two thousand men lying on the ground at one time on stretchers. Inside there were shifts of surgeons working, and it was a sight that one can never forget as long as one lives. The thing that struck me there was the extraordinary nobility of the men, and I am not talking "bunk." I am talking of what I felt, and it was the extraordinary nobility of the average man. There were men without any wonderful amount of education lying there, terribly wounded, and some were joking and cheery. One little red-haired fellow with his head all covered up except one eye, was smoking a cigarette with a wretched looking dog sitting on the stretcher beside him. It had followed him there and would not leave him. The complaining all started after the Armistice, but it was extraordinary how cheery everybody was then.

So the Battle of Amiens began. I am not going to talk about the military side of it, but I have been led to believe from books written by great commanders on both sides that it was a surprise to the Germans and also the people who controlled our own destiny. It was hoped that the Battle of Amiens could hold back the advance for one summer and it would be lucky for us if we could hold on until

the next Spring, when the Americans were to come into the show. We were given the feeling when we went out of the line that we were due for a six weeks' rest, and we went back behind the lines and everybody felt heroic and marvellous. There was an idyllic village that we went into. There was lots of beer, lots of sun, lots of rum, and the sergeant-major took off his tunic and allowed himself to swell up, and it seemed as if it was the Land of the Lotus Eaters. Then suddenly after three days there came the order to march at an hour's notice. Then more cursing and wondering what was wrong, and we went to Arras, where a shell used to come over every eight minutes. You can remember the feeling it gave you as it burst near the hotel. Arras is where the ruins of the cathedral are to remain for ever as a remembrance of the atrocity of the Hun.

Then we went into the dug-outs, and I wonder if you have forgotten the kind of thing that made that war so different from other wars. Civilians thought that the colonel of the battalion rode on a beautiful black charger and that he wore a shining helmet; that he went before his troops and talked to them in noble terms, and was never seen undressed. But here is a dug-out where the Hun used to live, and you tumbled down and turned to your left and the first person you saw was the signaller sitting on a soap box, pounding away on a typewriter, and a little farther away you would see on either side those horrible stretchers with bull wire and a piece of sacking to cover them. They were full of lice and bugs. I remember one friend of mine who used to take his shirt off and then pick them out, but he still could go over it again and find them. He called it "reading the map."

Then there was the colonel of the battalion. They were making colonels then out of boys. The kind of thing happening was that a man who had been there four years in a way had seen more of war continuously than any general of the older wars. Our colonel was about thirty years of age. He was sleeping in his shirt and he had an extraordinary faculty of sleeping whenever he was not needed. He was lying with his coat with all its ribbons on it rolled up under his pillow. He did not look very noble or anything like I had fancied in my youth, and you would think he was fast asleep when suddenly he would yell to the signallers, "Have the wire cutters come up—get me in touch with Brigade Headquarters." Then there were the instructions to the company commanders.

Then we went to Neuville Vitasse and over the terrain. The thing that worried the oldtimers who had been over there when the show began in August was where they would spend their winter. There were thirty kilometres from Arras to Cambrai and they would say, "How will we find a billet? However, the Lord will provide."

The next show was not so brilliant as the first, and they went to the Hindenburg line, and the Canadian Corps was over two weeks stuck looking over the Canal du Nord. The first thing that struck me of the Hindenburg line was the terribly twisted Calypso-like

tresses of wire, so closely knit, and so badly rusted. You would wonder how anything could ever get through it. Then there were the deep dug-outs—deeper than anything we knew. We ran into a couple of tanks. They were things you do not like to think about afterwards. A woman once asked me to use my influence to get her son transferred into a tank because he had been in the infantry so long! He wanted a cushy job! I, however, had looked into a tank that had been halted with shells shot out of a great rifle fired from the shoulder I believe, and the tank had gone up in smoke. I looked inside and saw a man who had been burned to a cinder sitting at the wheel. You could see the marks of his puttees on his legs. He had been burned in a moment. There were two or three tanks I saw looking over a hill and I did not think anyone inside of them had a cushy job.

You will remember in the next two or three days what happened to the sausage balloons. I thought that was a favourite sport. You will remember we were in a sort of salient and the planes had an opportunity of going through to the other side, and to see the fellows jumping from the sausage balloons was extraordinary. The days spent at Cagnicourt is something we will always remember.

Looking at Cambrai seemed to be looking at the gates of pearl. For three weeks you could look at the spires of Cambrai and the sun shining on them. It looked like the Promised Land. All the No Man's Land of thirty kilometres was past. There were very few older men there and I often wondered what a philosophical man would have thought about it. Was it possible that humanity would keep on fighting until all humanity was gone and the sole survivor would go down into a cave like a troglodyte and then come up to the surface generations hence and renew humanity? But they tell me now that the grass grows greener than it has ever done before and the French villages have more of the ordinary conveniences than ever before—which is not saying much.

Then after Cambrai there was the march into Auberchicourt. Its suburb was called Aniche, and to my mind that was the most satisfactory event in the war. There was the whole Canadian Corps marching into a town of 25,000 people where Germans had lived for four years—everything absolutely untouched and the streets perfectly kept. Coal in the cellars and clocks still ticking. Only the leather was taken off the chairs. Glass in the houses. Food and drink of every kind. The gardens had vegetables and fruits in them and the extraordinary part of it was that no one seemed to realize that the end of the war was so near. This was about the middle of October. You will remember that around there were the coal shafts like huge beehives, and there was no sign for the time of enemy planes overhead. I can remember the look on the faces of the men of our battalion when they went to Brigade Headquarters and saw posted there Wilson's 14 points. Like the men of Cortez standing on Darien, they stood there with wild surmise in their eyes.

Then Valenciennes. The end of the world seemed to have come. Can you look back now and imagine why it was that our minds were so impervious to the great epic that was happening in the first week of October, 1918? It seems like a dream. That contingent that went down to Salonika and was wasting its time for four years then suddenly climbed the hills into Serbia. Then you heard the Turks were on the run. Then the wonderful sweep northward in Palestine of Allenby's army up along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and sweeping the Turkish army before them. And one heard the story of the British troops watering their horses in the Abana outside the gates of Damascus. The next day came the story of the collapse of the proudest and most intransigent empire in the world, Austria. It was founded on the theory of the Roman Empire. You will remember it was the Holy Roman Empire of which James Bryce said that "it was the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting on the grave thereof."

Well, men carried on just as usual and outside of Valenciennes was the short road to Mons, that narrow road of the immortal retreat.

Now I want to look back just in memory for a moment, because I cannot help feeling that in these days when it is the fashion to speak contemptuously of the British Army and its soldiers of the olden days we ought to remember the days of 1914, when the first day of the war came. We were on our summer holidays. It seemed that war was an impossible thing, and while there had been wars between the black and tan nations of the world, one heard with a certain attitude of tolerance of the turmoil in Austria and Serbia, and then we read the speech of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, and then England went to war. What was it that saved England then, apart from politics, apart from all other things? It seems a lesson that the British Empire cannot forget. There was one thing that saved England and that was the one hundred thousand army of Contemptibles that went across the Channel. Men have spoken with contempt of the British soldier. I can remember as a boy I spent a year and a half as a British Tommy. I remember when on leave with the Inniskillings I could not go into a decent restaurant to get a dinner or buy a decent ticket for a show.

It was Tommy this and Tommy that,
And, Tommy, how's your soul?
But its the "thin red line of 'eroes"
When the guns begin to roll

But here was the professional army, probably the most efficient army the world had ever seen. They had learned a lot since the South African War and were wonderful shots. There were many men who before the South African War did not know much about long distance shooting. You will remember how they went out from London to Southampton and there was canvas put up on either side of the walks going down to the ships so that their numbers would not be seen, and they were shot down those chutes and across the Channel, and on London busses they went up the 200 kilometres to Mons. One Sunday afternoon in August—the 26th, I think—the British

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soldier looked out and saw debouching from the woods the grey German hordes all set for battle and victory.

The Battle of Mons is one of the greatest stories of the British people. It will live with Gallipoli. As they came back looking over their shoulders they were fighting a retreating battle. Four years afterwards you could see where they had fired on the old order of fifteen rounds a minute and held back the advancing armies. It is an extraordinary thing that in 1914 the army was 100,000 men, and four years later there was an army of 8,000,000 men.

There is the story of Mons and the stirring sea battles of Falkland and Jutland. There was the tragedy of Mesopotamia, and then from the far places of Australia and Canada and other places thousands of miles away, the tide came up and I saw written at Jemappes on a shingle in a little valley graveyard half way between Mons and Valenciennes these lines. I cannot swear whether they were written originally by one of the retreating army or placed there afterwards, but it was written in English:—

"We lie like castaways upon the shore,
Whose lives were lost in the great retreat,
But where the tide had ebbed,
The flood shall roar, and we wait the tide's returning feet."

Here after four and a half years was the returning tide along the road to Mons. There was tragedy and comedy mingled in the last few days. You will remember the extraordinary exuberance of the Belgians. A great many people who had seen Belgians in Flanders, where there was much Flemish blood, were not so sure how they were devoted to the Allied cause. But the Walloons were with us now. You could see it in every village. Standing on the top of a house was a woman like a Tam o'Shanter's witch dancing in the air. Everybody was embraced. The Germans were going out of one village as the British were coming in at the other end, and at last on the 11th of November was the entrance to Mons. Many of you remember that day. A great deal has been written about it and the causes that made the last advance necessary. Then afterwards the advance beyond.

Do you remember the march to the Rhine? All the way from Mons to Namur it seemed as though there were dozens of villages. The streets were paved all the way and you could not tell where one village began and the other one ended. At each house was a garden to raise all the vegetables needed. Now I wonder how much camouflage was in it after all. Wherever you went they said they had suffered terrible things and were aching for the British to come. Yet they had all kinds of wine and I wonder often where it came from, but they said they bricked it up in their cellars. If it was only a little that the Germans left they must have had very much at the start. They seemed to have lived very well indeed before the war.

I remember one personal story. We were marching along and we came to a certain village where we were to have lunch. The officers' mess went into a place where there was a music-master—a temperamental genius who had a shock of waving hair and a grand piano. He invited us to lunch, but said he had nothing, and we had not very much. The mess officer went outside and he brought in the largest and most ghastly head-cheese I ever saw. It was a terrible sight. You could see right through it. There were specks here and there and it stood about a foot high. When asked where he bought it he said he had bought very cheap, about one franc a pound, and someone suggested it may have come from a cadavar factory. Then no one wanted any more head-cheese.

In conclusion I can say those years have gone, and we look back upon it all. It does not seem possible for all this to have happened. Yet it did. One of the great moments in the world, for me at least. I cannot forget what we in this country and what the British Empire owe to the men who gave their lives in that war. We may become very peaceful or more Christian, although that I doubt. I do not think we are any more Christian than we were fifteen years ago, but when I think of the men who live in France for ever, I think of the finest city in Canada, and what do you think it is? Not Montreal, Toronto, or Vancouver. The finest city of Canada is an invisible city. It is a shadow city whose silent streets are to be found in France, where lie sixty thousand of Canada's manhood; men who are ever young; who gave their lives, as they thought, for their country and their King. I think sometimes in these days of depression, how after every great war in the past there have been periods when men have looked back and wondered if it was worth while. But I cannot but think, even after some of us have been disillusioned, that the men who gave up their lives in the flush of youth did a splendid thing. It will be a bad day for Canada if she ever forgets them.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn.
In the going down of the sun and in the morning
We shall remember them."

Soldiering with the Rifle Brigade

By Lieut.-Col. C. E. Connolly, D S O.

I OFFER no apology for this talk. I will try and give you, tonight, some information about soldiering in the Rifle Brigade. Having lived a good part of my life, received most beneficial instruction—and been made a man and a soldier in such a distinguished Corps, is something of which I am very proud.

The Rifle Brigade was formed in 1800, largely composed of personnel taken from what is now known as the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and formed into an experimental corps which went into training at Shorncliffe under that able soldier, Sir John Moore. The first unit of what is today the Rifle Brigade, was known as the 95th Rifles and was commanded by Colonel Coote-Manningham. From the work carried out and the instruction they received at Shorncliffe was evolved a new form of training. As we all know, training methods are continually undergoing change—which must be so if the Army is to be kept up to date and efficient. The 95th Rifles proceeded on service to South America, where they served as Marines. They served in the same capacity at Copenhagen but saw most of their active operations in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns. For their gallantry in action they were taken from the line, ceased to be known as the 95th Rifles, and were styled "The Rifle Brigade". This took place in 1816. Although the regiment is practically a newcomer in the British Army, it has today 86 Battle Honours to its credit, and is not far behind those units that head the list. I think they are about third or fourth in the Army today.

With most corps there are certain idiosyncrasies and the Rifle Brigade is no exception. Some of the things that any soldier would notice about the Regiment, if he were with it in barracks or camp, is the fact that no collar badges are worn—the regiment has no Colours and hence it never carries out that practice, which many of you people have done hundreds of times, trooping the Colours—and, consequently, the poor old regimental sergeant-major never has an opportunity of drawing his sword, except, as a wag told me the other day, when he draws it from the quartermaster's stores.

Riflemen have quite a different type of drill to the ordinary Line Regiment. You will notice I said "ordinary". This was part of the stuff drilled into me when I was a recruit. We used to talk of a rifleman and an ordinary soldier. The word "Attention" is never used on parade. A squad of recruits are called to attention by the word "Squad". They are used to being called "squad." Similarly, with the higher formations you hear the word "Company," "Column," "Line," instead of the word "Attention." In battalion drill

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you hear the word "Battalion," and again, "Line," "Column," or "Parade," used instead of the word "Attention." On ceremonial parades the words "Rifle Brigade" were used, and on the word "Brigade" all came to attention.

As regards drill, except when marching easy, the men never slope arms. They never march with fixed bayonets. They march past at the trail, although bayonet fighting and bayonet drill are carried out exactly as in other units.

You will find in drill books nowadays little notes added on drill for infantry regiments, and again, certain exceptions laid down for rifle regiments. At one time, just after the South African War, this was left out. I will touch on this later, and try and explain the amusing but absurd results which a certain situation in Cairo brought about.

In order to commence this little talk about India and Egypt one must have a starting point, and probably the best thing I can do is to go to South Africa before arriving at Egypt. On the conclusion of the South African campaign I was a member of the 2nd Battalion, the Rifle Brigade, which was stationed at a place called Middelburg in the Transvaal where, after a lot of marching about the country, the Battalion had settled down to block house duty. In addition to this duty it had to provide train escorts to Pretoria. Escorts were not considered much of a trip, though one was enabled to see the capital city and, while there to obtain some really first class meals at the hotels. The regiment remained at Middelburg for several months, but early in September was moved by rail to Pietermaritzburg, where the troops once again entered civilization, and had quite a wonderful time riding about in rickshaws and spending lots of money in various forms of amusement. The men were kept fit during that period by at least a ten-mile route march each day. It was rather warm, and these exercises took most of the beer out of the beer hounds.

During the stay at Pietermaritzburg the Battalion recieved a draft of about a couple of hundred men, who were at once called "Brodricks" because they had enlisted under the new plan of War Minister Brodrick, which was a three-year term of service with the colours. Before that it had been seven years. They were also referred to as "Cook's Tourists" because they would tour around different parts of the Empire and before long would go home, time expired. In those days the idea was that no person could be a really creditable rifleman with only three years' service. Consequently, those poor fellows came in for a great deal of chaff, they being looked upon as not good riflemen, but soldiers filling up gaps temporarily on account of the war. Shortly after its arrival, the battalion was moved from Pietermaritzburg to Durban, where it embarked in the S.S. 'Malta' for Egypt.

The regiment was, before the South African War, on a foreign service tour, having left Crete in 1899 to proceed to the scene of hos-

tilities. Knowing that the tour would have to be finished before the battalion could be stationed in England, the news of the move to Egypt was very popular with all ranks. The officers looked forward to polo games and big game hunting in the Soudan, while the other ranks seemed to have an idea that Egypt was one of the best of countries in which to serve—level as a billiard table, and Cairo known as 'the Paris of the East'. Later on they were to find out how mistaken they had been in their anticipations. You can imagine the ordinary private soldier, after three years of war, settling down in Egypt and wishing to God that garrison duty and guard mounting wouldn't be such as to prevent his going out occasionally, particularly if he had a big credit in his pay account.

On arrival at Suez the battalion disembarked and entrained for Cairo. The railway accommodation provided was not excellent—not even third class. On arrival at Cairo detrainment was carried out and the battalion marched to the Citadel Barracks, which was to be home for twelve months. The citadel is a very attractive place in Cairo, having been occupied by many different types of soldiers, particularly the French during the time of Napoleon's invasion. It is an old fort-like place and contains, among other things, Jacob's Well, and one of the most wonderful mosques in the Islam world. The hospital inside was at one time a palace. There are all sorts of legends and stories about the place. One is that a fellow, long ago, galloped his horse over the walls to escape his enemies, and in doing so, broke his neck.

The battalion had not been in the citadel more than three days before drill and training were started. The regiment was always drilling—at least so the troops used to say. They used to say that if the regiment were moved from this earth to hell, they would not be there two days, and even before kits were unpacked, every available man would be out doing something in the way of drill and manoeuvre. Company drill and musketry were commenced—the musketry being carried out at a place called Mohkattam Heights, a place which first broke the dream of flat desert plains that the troops had thought about. To get to Mohkattam Heights ranges meant a climb of about 2,000 feet. When musketry was completed companies started company drill and training, and for this purpose located a beautiful piece of country called 'Red Hills', three or four times as high as the buttes at Sarcee, and about four miles from barracks. Getting tired of that, a start was made with battalion training.

The troops in Cairo at this time were composed of the Welch Fusiliers, The Highland Light Infantry, The Rifle Brigade, 11th Hussars, a Horse Battery, a Field Battery, a Mountain Battery, and others, in addition to which there was a regiment of native cavalry and two battalions of infantry. With such a force there could be no excuse for not carrying out combined training, and a great deal in this line was accomplished. Training was rather severe as far as marching went, but where large forces are concerned there is generally a lot of waiting about and unless one happens to be doing duty with a van-

guard, or advanced guard, climbing over the hills, or in a definite attack situation, it seemed that quite a number of troops were waiting for hours, just to hear a bugle call and march on—or off. Very good training for the senior officers, but the troops, except the lazy ones, got a little bit fed up when they were not doing anything.

However, it was not all training. There were all sorts of sports. Naturally, with a garrison of that size there must be sports. There were inter-company, inter-battalion and inter-regimental games, and various trophies for which the games were played. These included football, ground hockey, cricket, and at times even dramatics were attempted by most of the units. Sports grounds were plentiful. There were cricket pitches in all barracks, and the year our battalion left Cairo the building of an enormous sports ground just outside Abbassiyeh Barracks had been commenced.

A month after the arrival of the battalion at Cairo there took place a big ceremonial parade—I think it was the Khedive's birthday. The regiment was ordered to take part in this parade which was held on what is known as Abdin Square. As I told you before, at this period there was a new infantry training manual, and the usual special remarks about Rifle Regiments had been omitted—but our own particular form of training (especially arms drill) was continued. The regiment formed up on this parade, and was placed on the left of the line. Of course you will understand that the Rifle Brigade does not belong to the line, anyway. All went well until suddenly there was the usual trumpet sound and the Brigadier shouted "The Brigade will come to attention." The Brigade came to attention on the usual commands of the respective Commanding Officers; and the next command was 'Fix bayonets'. Everybody fixed bayonets except the Rifle Brigade. A staff officer came galloping over to the Rifle Brigade and said 'The General's compliments, Sir, will you fix bayonets'. And our colonel is supposed to have said 'The Rifle Brigade does not fix bayonets'. This happened twice, and then the staff officer came over and apparently with more compliments from the General, issued a direct order for bayonets to be fixed. The Rifle Brigade fixed bayonets. The bugle blew again and the Brigade was told to slope arms. Of course, to Riflemen this was simply terrible. However, it was done, and the remainder of the parade was carried out in the same manner as the other troops taking part. Later, as the result of representations to higher authority, the drill book was amended, and rifle regiments once more officially marched past with bayonets unfixed and rifles carried at the trail. I mention that little incident as one of the things that affect people of certain regiments, and it was with pride, to a certain extent, that this incident went down in canteen history as "The Rifle Brigade showed the rest of the regiments taking part how to fix bayonets and march past at the slope because the red coats were getting rusty in their drill".

I mentioned that one part of the citadel was a palace. This is now used as a hospital. There was the case of an old soldier who, as is the case with people of that class, was never sick. But one night

he went out to town and proceeded to a place in one of the lower class parts of the city. The entrance to this locality was through an arch on which was painted "Deposito Italiano". Everybody in this neighbourhood spoke French, Spanish, or almost any language but English. However, this fellow became mixed up in a quarrel, possibly through having had too much drink and, as a result, was stabbed in the back by some dagoes. Eventually, with the help of the military police, he got to hospital, where he was put in one of the larger wards. Being unconscious at the time, his wound was dressed. During the early hours of the morning, about four or half past, he suddenly came to. On opening his eyes and looking up, he saw on the roof what appeared to him to be little angels and cherubs flying about among the clouds. He looked at the walls and saw the most wonderful paintings—then turned, and if there wasn't an angel with a red cape on, pouring the most delicious drink down his mouth. He turned slowly around and said 'By Christ, I've made it'. He thought he had died and through some miracle had reached heaven.

Shortly after that the regiment was paid a visit by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught who, of course, is Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. You will remember about that time His Royal Highness was appointed Commander-in-Chief and Inspector-General of the Mediterranean. In that capacity he came to Cairo to inspect the regiment. It was a Saturday morning and there was to be a church parade the next day. On Saturday morning there was quite a ceremonial parade for the Field Marshal. On that occasion the regiment did not slope arms, neither did it fix bayonets or, as they say in the Rifle Brigade, fix swords, and it marched past at the trail.

There was another little absurdity in which I took part myself. A bunch of us went to town, though not to visit the Deposito Italiano. Those that have been in Cairo know that nothing livens up there until about midnight; and at three in the morning we decided we had better go home. We had with us one chap who had been a horseman in his time—quite a good man too—but he decided in his own mind that the old garrywallah (driver) we had hired didn't know anything about driving. He reached out and pulled him back by the scruff of the neck, and got up to the box and drove himself. He drove very well, and fast, and the native driver jumped out. This was all very well, but on reaching a road that was paved with cobble stones, off came a wheel, and we were all deposited on the ground. In a short while there collected a lot of uniformed Egyptian police who decided to arrest us, which they did, and we were taken away to the caracole (the police station). There was an order that all ranks had to salute Egyptian officers. Neglect to do so meant seven days for the ordinary man that happened to appear at orderly room—and most men would take the seven days but still would not salute except on occasions of this sort. We were haled in front of the Egyptian police officer, a captain, and knew what we were up against. It was decided that we should walk in and give him a most regimental salute. This was done, upon which our friend who had taken the place of the native driver laid a complaint against him, stating he was incompetent and

didn't know how to drive; that he had a garry for hire under false pretences, seeing that the wheels were loose and as a result he nearly killed us. In addition he gave the officer another very regimental salute. The Egyptian officer was pompous and full of dignity. He said, 'I quite believe you, gentlemen, and this garry driver has no right to be on the streets with a vehicle in that condition. You may go.' He said to the garry driver, 'You may stop.' What happened to him I don't know.

It was the policy at this time for an infantry battalion to have as many men as possible trained in mounted infantry duties. Consequently, courses were held almost continuously at Abbassiyeh Barracks—the Cavalry and Artillery Station. Each course was of four months duration. The first appearance of a new course on any part of the open country training area always brought forth ribald remarks from those soldiers who happened to be proceeding on their feet. One remark though, made by a Mounted Infantryman, who was never intended to be a horseman, was rather good. He said, 'I have done more damned walking and marching since I have been in the Mounted Infantry than I ever did before.' You can guess the kind of reply that would be handed out to him by his chums.

However, each course turned out a very good company which was not only able to ride very well but able to take a creditable part in combined training as a unit.

The battalion completed a year in the citadel. During that time almost everyone visited the Mosque. Soldiers paid one or two piastres to get in, but tourists invariably paid more. Before going in one had to remove one's boots or cover them by large straw-like overshoes. It was noticed by men on guard duty that the Americans paid anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar for the same privilege for which the soldiers paid two piastres. Two piastres was equal to five cents. The Mosque itself was well worth seeing—a most beautiful place to my mind. Constructed from alabaster stone, its architecture was wonderful, while inside the most noticeable things were a marvellous chandelier hanging from the roof and a magnificent carpet which covered almost the whole of the floor space. This carpet bears no relation to the Holy Carpet that is taken to Mecca each year, but it was, I should think, quite as good.

The battalion moved to Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, situated on the banks of the Nile. A very good barracks, but barracks which could be looked upon as housing more bugs than any other in the Empire. It was said there were two plagues in Egypt that the Lord forgot to remove—one was flies, the other bugs. Almost next door to the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks was situated the Boulac Museum, certainly well worth seeing. I, like many others, because it was next door, never went inside the place.

Whilst at this barracks similar training was carried out, with this difference. During the period of company and battalion training the troops were encamped at Mena, which is situated within a stones-

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throw of the Pyramids and the Mena House Hotel. It was a good camp with miles of open country available for training and, of course, there was no excuse for not thoroughly exploring the Sphinx and Pyramids, or even of having one's photograph taken, seated aboard a camel, with the Sphinx as a background—a la touriste.

The actual training carried out this year was rather more strenuous than that of the previous season. The troops appreciated being camped close to the Pyramids, and the minds of many thought back to the distant past when these great monuments were erected.

The work at company training was very hard and intensive, and was followed by battalion training, which was at least much more interesting. Manoeuvres consisted of quite a lot of marching over the desert which, in some places, on account of the hardness of the sand, was easy and comfortable. In other places the sand was soft and loose, which made one feel as though two paces were taken backward for each step forward.

After the completion of a year at Kasr-el-Nil the battalion was transferred to Khartoum. Khartoum, as you know, is over 1,100 miles from the Mediterranean, situated at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles. To get there from Cairo it is necessary to travel by rail and boat. At that time the railway ended on the East bank of the Blue Nile which made it necessary, on detraining, to cross the river by steamboat to get to Khartoum. The most interesting part of the journey was the time spent on the boats. A stop was made at the Temples of Abu-Sinbal, where everybody was allowed ashore in order to explore these interesting places. An opportunity was also afforded to visit the Temple of Philae which, as you know, is now partly submerged as a result of building the Assuan Dam across the Nile at that point. It was rather amusing to see the troops scrambling over these places and to see the odd man scribbling, or cutting, his name on a monument four or five thousand years old. As one person remarked, 'Who wants to see the name of John Smith, Rifle Brigade, or Peter Babbit, Chicago, when contemplating a civilization of centuries ago'. In point of fact, who does?

On arrival at Khartoum, what struck most of the men was the width of the Nile. It was a little over half a mile wide at Khartoum. There were Nile gunboats lying at anchor, and these were quite large—say about 250 feet long. They had a broad beam, one large yellow funnel, and were armed with quite heavy guns. They were flat bottomed, and had a draft of only twelve inches. The shallowness of draft was on account of the numerous sand banks that dot the Nile—similar, I should imagine, to what is found in the Mississippi.

The barracks were new and quite nice. No bugs here. There were no windows in place but shutters had been adjusted. We were informed that the barracks had not been finished, and that the shutters were there to keep the rooms cool. We arrived in winter, and the weather was pretty warm. Just outside the barracks—about half

a mile away—there was a big fort in process of construction. What for I don't know, unless it was to awe all the natives about the country. The country was more or less undulating, and all along the edge of the Nile, for a width of about 500 yards, except in odd spots, there were fringes of foliage, trees, quite a lot of growing cotton, and vegetation of different kinds peculiar to that part of the world. As one got farther away from the river there was nothing but bald desert. The houses in the native villages were, for the most part, constructed of mud but they all were exceptionally clean—due, no doubt, to British supervision.

The training there was similar to any other. There were certain observances made necessary to preserve the health of the troops. After the battalion had been there a week orders were issued regarding the sale of beer in the canteen. The troops were allowed one pint of beer at noon and two pints in the evening. You know it is one thing to give an order and another to have it carried out, even with the best disciplined N.C.O.'s in the world. It was necessary, the battalion being on the old eight company system, to have a canteen sergeant and canteen corporal on duty, together with one N.C.O. from each company who had a nominal roll; and before a man could get his pint of beer he walked up to the N.C.O. of his own company and gave his name, which was ticked off on the roll, and off he went with his pint of beer—presumably to drink it. But it so happened that there were a number of teetotallers, and some of these were enlisted by the chaps who liked their beer and were known as 'scouts'. The scout would go up for his pint and the other fellow would pay for it. Then the scout would sit by the side of the table and the thirsty one would drink the beer and if he could get enough scouts he would probably drink three or four pints. At night time he would probably drink a double quantity. This practice had to be stopped. It meant fourteen days C.B. without the option if caught, and the N.C.O.'s, I think all of them, realized the necessity of the order, and did not hesitate one minute about putting these fellows straight in the guard room at any time they were discovered scouting. There was one case where a bunch of fellows stole a barrel of beer, and had a glorious time for about three or four hours. When the beer had taken real effect on them, somebody decided he wanted to kill his platoon sergeant, or second sergeant, and, going to the barrack room, tried to stab him with a bayonet. The result was that half a dozen of them were tried by court-martial. Rather peculiar, the Commanding Officer ordered the court and confirmed it—being so far away from military headquarters which was at Cairo. They each were sentenced to two years, more for the sake of discipline than anything else.

As you can imagine, in that year (1904), so close after the Kitchener Campaign, all the tribes in the South were more or less in a state of unrest. Consequently all the troops stationed in the Soudan had, of necessity, to be fit, well disciplined, and ready to proceed anywhere at a moment's notice. Shortly after that our battalion had to send two companies on a 200 mile trek South to visit some of the various villages, because the natives seemed to have the idea the

British had left the Soudan. It was quite a long march for the two companies. The monotony was, however, broken somewhat by the sight of gun boats on the Nile, which were accompanied by sailing boats which kept the troops supplied with fresh provisions. The troops experienced no bother at all in any of the villages and eventually got back to Khartoum after a two months' trek.

Another event carried out every year is a march through the streets of Omdurman. The troops are taken down the river on a gun boat, just below the junction of the White and Blue Niles, where they disembark and march through the streets for a couple of hours. Omdurman itself is a wonderfully clean city, if you can call it a city. Certainly it is large enough to be a city. Everything there is kept scrupulously clean. You can put your bed down on any of the streets and roll it up, and be sure it will be clean afterwards, unless it happened to be the day it was raining. It only rained on one day while the battalion was in Khartoum, and then only for twenty-four minutes—but it certainly rained hard during that period. Most of the troops stripped themselves and ran all over the place. There were no white women at the station, and it didn't make much difference to the natives whether they saw a white man that way or not for they themselves were practically naked at all times.

A peculiar thing that happens over there, and comes on with great suddenness, is the desert wind storm, which is known as the 'Aboob', the native Soudanese name for it. Its approach is heralded by an ever increasing sound like a continuous 'B O O B . . .'. When first seen it presents the appearance of a great big black storm in the distance. The natives will tell you to get under cover. Of course, the average fellow knows more than the natives, being there only a little while, but before one could say 'Jack Robinson' the storm has broken, and one could not see one's hand in front of one. It usually lasts from one to two hours. The best thing to do is to keep all rooms closed until such time as the storm is over—and, if possible, remain under cover. To explain. The walls of the fort they were building on the hill had reached as high, if not higher, than the walls of this room—15 to 20 feet. After one hour's storm they were completely covered by sand. The sand had gone over the top. Iron railings of the same type found around barracks in England were placed around the barracks at Khartoum. These were also covered by sand, and it was some fatigue to bring them to light again. If sand can cover that height in one hour, what is it going to do in several centuries?

One interesting thing about Khartoum is the question of providing the troops with something to do besides sports and training. Naturally, in the summer it is too hot for football and cricket, and it is not desirable for the men to remain in the barrack rooms all the time—so gardening, swimming in the Nile and boating were organized for evening amusement. Boat races were organized—racing boats and larger boats to give hard work for practice, had been purchased from the outgoing battalion. For swimming there was built in the Nile a large cage through which the water flowed. That was the only

place where men were supposed to swim—the reason being that crocodiles in the river were somewhat dangerous. On one occasion, when a few of us were out in a racing boat, two of us decided to take a chance and swim. We had seen no crocodiles for quite a long time, and we thought the noise of the boat had frightened them away. We stripped off and took a header into the water. Personally I was swimming to what looked like a sand bank, thoroughly enjoying the coolness of the water, when the sand bank suddenly disappeared, and I did quick time back to the boat, and did not swim outside the cage any more.

After twelve months in Khartoum the battalion moved to Cairo, where we stopped for a while before proceeding to Suez, there to embark for India. Disembarking at Bombay, after an uneventful voyage, we moved by rail to a place in Bengal called Shahjahanpur, about ninety miles from Lucknow, and formed part of the Bareilly Brigade. The Bareilly Brigade was what was at that time termed an independent brigade inasmuch as it contained a regiment of Cavalry, four battalions of Infantry, a brigade of Artillery, and a battalion of Sappers and Miners, which was a native battalion. For training purposes, a couple of native battalions were attached to the brigade. The whole made a fairly strong force. The principal item of training there which might be of interest was brigade manoeuvres, during which the Sappers and Miners had built a 'V' shaped fort on the river bank. After a lot of marching we carried out an attack on this fort with blank ammunition—the Sappers and Miners holding it. That evening we consolidated our position and dug trenches. At this time the authorities were thinking out the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War and our training was full of them. We had white strips down our backs and luminous discs to show up in the dark and during the night we carried out an advance. During the advance various small mines were blown up but nobody was hurt. The next morning an attack with ball ammunition and artillery fire was carried out, shrapnel being fired over our heads—the Sappers and Miners having cleared out during the night at a pre-arranged time. Then we were ordered to deliver the assault. I don't suppose there was one man who could have put his bayonet through a bonnet, let alone get over the sand and make an energetic assault. In those days they thought nothing of an assault of five or six hundred yards. I used to consider myself very fit in those days, but I simply could not do it at a pace faster than a jog trot.

I was going to say something about the health reforms in India, but it is a large subject. But one innovation is worth speaking about. The authorities decided to sell whiskey and soda in the canteen to the troops to wean them from beer, but it and the method of selling it wasn't appreciated. The whiskey was insufficient to the amount of soda and the cost was prohibitive to the ordinary soldier who paid sixpence for a whiskey which was already mixed for him when bottled in the regimental soda water factory. He preferred his good English beer. It was tried out for six months during which time they sold in the entire battalion, 1,130 strong, just ten whiskies and sodas.

The beauty of the time spent in India was the fact that the battalion moved every six months. Of course our Brodrick friends hadn't come to India with us. They had gone home. From Shah-jahanpur we moved to a hill station called Chabhatta, going part way by rail, and marching about fifty or sixty miles from railhead to the station in the hills, through the most wonderful country and beautiful scenery. Chabhatta is about six or seven thousand feet high. All the bungalows were on the tops of the hills, because it was too hot in the valleys. They were spread all over the place. Some would be up high and the others might be 200 feet lower, or 300 feet higher, and so on. They covered an enormous amount of ground. There was a parade ground which we were told by those people belonging to the Indian Service had been made by convicts. It had in the centre of it the usual cricket pitch. The interesting thing about this place was that it was close to the home of the Gurkhas. The Gurkhas would think nothing of walking ten miles over the hills to visit another Rifle Regiment and they took part in quite a lot of the hill manoeuvres at which they were particularly good and were always very friendly towards us. The Gurkhas used to say, whilst showing the slightest edge of thumbnail, we Englishmen were only that much better than a Gurkha and that a Gurkha was ever so much better than anybody else in India.

The system of training to be undertaken on arrival in the hills had been well thought out and had been arranged as a result of the Army re-organization carried out by Lord Kitchener. Instead of leaving complete units on the plains all through the summer, where possible only small detachments remained for the purpose of maintaining garrisons from which troops could be called, if necessary, for the maintenance of order. This not only allowed more troops to train, but enormously increased the efficiency of the Army from a health point of view.

The first month's training in the hills proved strenuous, because of the unaccustomed altitude. For the first two weeks troops were kept to the roads and for the second were only allowed to use what might be termed bridle paths. Later, training took place across country—roads or paths only being used when coming, or going to places of rendezvous. Anyone who has seen these so-called hills will realize that men have to be particularly fit to carry out this form of training, and especially so if it is desired successfully to compete with the Gurkha regiments.

After a summer in the hills the regiment moved down to the plains station. Shortly after arrival what was known as 'Kitchener's Test' was carried out. The idea of this test was to show the efficiency of the unit as a result of the season's work, and the battalion which received the highest marks was awarded a cup presented by the Commander-in-Chief. The test consisted of a detailed inspection in barracks and also field duties. For the latter, a battalion in marching order, carrying out the equivalent of 100 rounds of ball, had to march 15 miles, carry out an attack, take up a position, and carry out a re-

tirement the next day, after which there was still the march back to barracks. It was a very strenuous test. While our battalion did not win the cup very few marks were lost through men falling out, or through men being in hospital through faults of their own.

I think it was the last year of our stay with the Bareilly Brigade that the Ameer of Afghanistan visited India. This was undoubtedly a political visit. The Northwest Frontier is never settled. The Ameer arrived in India escorted by his own body-guard. The Government, possibly in order to impress him with the might of the British Raj, had ordered a concentration of troops at Agra. This concentration was a wonderful piece of staff work. Everyone was under canvas. For the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, the Ameer and the various Princes and Rajahs, luxurious camps were erected. Roads were built and railings put up around the different sites. The Imperial Cadet Corps, which is composed of sons of the reigning Princes, and whose particular job is to provide an escort for the Viceroy, also had a wonderful camp. There must have been thousands of servants. Consequently, the space required covered acres and acres of ground. The canvas for the troops, too, covered much ground. There being present a Cavalry Division, which included a British Brigade (The Royals, 15th Hussars and 17th Lancers), two Infantry Divisions and a Division of Riflemen. In the Rifle Division was one British and two native Brigades. The British Brigade consisted of the The King's Royal Rifles, the Scottish Rifles, the Irish Rifles and the Rifle Brigade. There was one Brigade of Gurhka Rifles and one Garwal Rifles. In addition, there were Heavy batteries of Artillery whose guns were drawn by oxen, Horse and Field batteries, as well as Army Service Corps and ambulances. A spectacular review took place, the most interesting part of which, from my point of view, was the march past of the Heavy batteries. The drivers were perched on the neck yokes of the oxen, and on the command 'Eyes right', up came their whips in the approved style, and one could almost see the old bullocks' eyes move to the right at the same time. The review, which was a wonderful sight, passed off without accident and at its conclusion our battalion was ordered to line part of the route by which the Ameer would return to his camp. While this was taking place the Cavalry were carrying out an advance at the gallop, while performing lance and sword exercises. This apparently frightened the Ameer for he decided to move and, being mounted, it did not take him long. Consequently, we had to do some running—a great deal of running—about three miles—to enable us to take up our position in time. The next day all turned out for an inspection by Lord Kitchener. Of course, it will be realized that our camps were not nearly so elaborate as those of the Rajahs. Our men slept 25 to a mountain service tent; and turning out in review order under such crowded conditions was no joke, even though the troops, as usual, made light of their troubles.

Shortly after the Agra concentration the battalion moved to Calcutta. While in the first place we had been part of the Northern Army, at Calcutta we were part of the Southern Army, and now became sort of ceremonial troops, because at that time our Commander-in-Chief lived at Fort William and the Viceroy, during the winter,

lived at Calcutta. In Fort William there is one bungalow in which they can house a complete battalion. In addition to the British infantry battalion stationed there, there was, in the Fort, a native infantry battalion. There were quarters for the Commander-in-Chief. It is quite an enormous place. During the time we were stationed at the Fort we had one or two interesting things happen. One was the death of the Commanding Officer, in honour of whom, the whole battalion served as a firing party. Another, carrying out ceremonial parades when troops were brought in from other stations for ceremonial occasions. And there was a certain amount of trouble with the 88th Carnatic Infantry. There were some natives in Calcutta who were always keen to start trouble amongst the troops and the authorities had to be continually on their guard. One evening, when the 88th Carnatic paraded to turn in their arms after 'Retreat', certain names were called out and about 30 altogether were placed under escort of British troops and marched away to the Alipore Gaol that night. I know quite a lot about that because I was with the guard that night. The sentries had orders to shoot anyone who poked his head over the top of the gaol wall. As a result, a poor old native employed in the gaol was nearly shot when he climbed a ladder from the outside to light the lamps on the wall. He descended, a frightened man. The next morning (this is where organization comes in) the 88th were not in Fort William—they were on a ship out at sea, to go around Southern India to disembark at Bombay and to be stationed at Hyderabad Sind. When the authorities decide to move people they move them very quickly.

Another point of interest was the death of Lieutenant-Colonel King Salter. I mention this because of the method of carrying out his funeral. A battery of Artillery was brought in from an outlying station, and actually marched from the parade ground to the cemetery, and the whole battalion, with the exception of some of the sergeants detailed as mourners, formed the firing party. The whole battalion, less the mourners, marched ahead of the remains and the colonel's widow and officers of the Regiment behind. The firing party was commanded by the Second-in-Command, and the whole battalion fired three volleys over the grave.

I am sorry if this has appeared to be a rambling sort of talk. I have had to try and cover a long period in a short time and, in addition, have tried to keep my memory working. However, I hope my remarks, incomplete as they were, have been of some interest to you all.

The Duke of Wellington

By J. T. North, Vice-Principal, Pre-Vocational School, Calgary.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, or Sir Arthur Wellesley, according to the best authorities, was born in the year 1769, May 1st, in Mornington House, Dublin. As with another great man whose birthday is in the same year, Napoleon Bonaparte, the exact day of birth is not very clear. For example, the parish register at St. Peter's, Dublin, records the christening of Arthur, the son of the Earl and Countess of Mornington, on April 30th, which, according to his mother's testimony, was the day before he was born, and the nurse who was in attendance upon the Countess of Mornington at the time of his birth, puts the date as March 26th. However, I am inclined to think that the testimony of the mother should be the one accepted under the circumstances, and the day of his birth is therefore given as May 1st.

Arthur Wellesley was not, as a youth, in any way outstanding and was considered by his mother as a very dull child. This may have been due to the fact that her eldest son, Richard, afterwards known as the Marquis of Wellesley, was from his earliest youth a very brilliant student and had an extremely attractive personality. According to the best authorities, Arthur Wellesley was related to the Wesley family, and it was only by chance of circumstance that the father of the afterward Duke of Wellington was adopted by Garrett Wesley in 1728 instead of Charles Wesley, the famous hymn writer, whom he had offered to adopt some years previous.

Young Wellesley was sent to preparatory school in Chelsea, where, according to his own account, he learned nothing. He was then for a short time at Eton, and a spot on the famous school grounds is still pointed out where young Wellesley fought and won a victory over Bobby Smith, who was the brother of the famous Sidney Smith. This is supposed to have been one of the best four round battles in history. Young Wellesley's reports at Eton was that of an idle, dreamy, solitary lad. In 1784, when Wellesley was fifteen years of age, his mother, the Countess of Mornington, removed to Brussels, and young Arthur for a year received tutoring in French. A year later, when his mother returned to England, the boy was sent to a French academy at Amgres. It seemingly was the general conception at that time for a boy preparing himself for a military career should for some time have a training at a French military school. Young Wellesley left school in 1786 at the age of seventeen with what was apparently a very poor school training, and his one outstanding characteristic was his love of music and ability to play the violin, and at this time was considered a very creditable musician, while in after life he never attempted to play, holding that the playing of a violin was not in keeping with the character of a stern soldier.

While Wellesley's mother considered that her boy was very dull, and she very roughly called him the dunce of the family, his very brilliant elder brother, Richard, always contended that Arthur had great qualities and had great faith in his younger brother's ability at some time to carve out a great career. As a result of this and because of his already great influence, Richard, the Marquis of Wellesley, was able to secure for his brother a commission as an ensign in the 73rd Foot, a Highland Regiment in those days, and from this time on the record of his military career can be very briefly stated in the different commissions he held with their dates. The following table of commissions and dates is given for the purpose of putting his military career in a very concrete form that might easily be remembered:

Ensign—73rd Foot, March 7th, 1787.
Lieutenant—76th Foot, December 25th, 1787.
Lieutenant—41st Foot, January 23rd, 1788.
Lieutenant—12th Light Dragoons, June 25th, 1789.
Captain—58th Foot, June 30th, 1791.
Captain—18th Light Dragoons, October 31st, 1792.
Major—33rd Foot, April 3rd, 1793.
Lieut.-Colonel—33rd Foot, September 30th, 1793.
Colonel (Brevet)—May 3rd, 1796.
Brig.-General—July 7th, 1801.
Major-General—April 29th, 1802.
Lieut.-General—April 25th, 1808.
General—July 31st, 1811.
Field Marshal—June 21st, 18—.

From these commissions and the rapid promotion as shown it would seem that although possibly, at first, the influence of his clever and influential elder brother was to some extent responsible for his rapid promotion, yet there must have been even in the young lad outstanding qualities to commend him for continued promotion as is shown by his record. One thing that is noticeable at this time is that one of the authorities speaking about a body of troops drawn as reinforcements to his army, makes the statement that the regiment of young Wellesley was the best trained and best equipped of all the soldiers that were sent him at that time. A very enlightening incident might be given to show the thoroughness of the young officer even at this early date, that he was found one day weighing separately each article of the equipment of his men on active service, and when questioned as to why he was doing this, his answer was that he wanted to know the exact weight carried by each man so as to arrive at some clearer estimate of the endurance possible as to distance covered in marches for men on active service and in the field.

At the age of twenty-one, in April, 1790, Wellesley was elected as a member of the Irish House of Commons for the family seat of Trim, and he held it until the dissolution of the House in June, 1795—but he had no gifts as an orator or as a statesman at this time, and it would seem that neither the floor of Parliament nor the vice-regal court, at which he was an A.D.C., were in any way suited to this young

officer, and it was with relief and eagerness that he accepted his first position as an ensign with the 71st Foot.

Among some of the many interesting facts in the career of the young soldier is that his first active service was in a district where he later won his greatest victory, namely the victory at Waterloo, in Belgium. His regiment was attached to the Duke of York's army, which was operating against the French in Belgium in 1793 and 1794, and his first fighting was in the nature of a rearguard action during the retreat of this army across Belgium and into Holland, and we can imagine that no doubt in 1815, when victor in the great battle of Waterloo, the thoughts of the great soldier must have come back to the days when the army to which he was attached had been defeated and pushed back by the victorious armies of France.

After this campaign Wellesley was transferred to India, and the 33rd Regiment, of which he was an officer at this time, landed in Bengal in 1797. His brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, was Governor-General of India. He was not now known as Lord Mornington, and still holding his faith in the ability of his brother Arthur as a military commander, he used him wherever possible in military operations in that country, and naturally Arthur's rise or promotions were very rapid. Some people at that time were disposed to criticise the apparent favor that was being shown the young officer by his brother, the Governor-General, but in practically every case the success attendant upon the expeditions of the British forces in India proved that the judgment of his brother in selecting him for these tasks had not been misplaced. It is a fascinating story to follow the career in India of young Wellesley, culminating in the subduing and complete conquest of the fierce and warlike Mahrattas and the addition of all that great territory to the British Empire in India. Suffice it to say that young Wellesley landed in India as a junior and an unknown and untried leader of British forces, and when he left India he was a major-general and considered one of England's best leaders.

One of his chief opponents and leaders of the native army in India—(against whom he had many battles, and whose army he finally defeated, a battle, by the way, in which this leader was killed)—was known as Dhoondiah. After the great battle in which this native Indian leader was killed, his little son was found in the camp and rescued by Colonel Wellesley, and when later, as a Major-General, he quitted India, he left some hundreds of pounds to be spent on the boy's education and in giving him a start in life. These little glimpses into the life of the stern soldier give us the human side of the man, who was known as the Iron Duke, and who by many was supposed to be insensible to and incapable of the softer and finer feelings of sentiment.

When Arthur Wellesley, as a major-general, returned from India in 1805 he was one of a number of British leaders who were considered merely good generals or good leaders. At this time Napoleon Bonaparte had Europe completely at his mercy. He had been the one

force strong enough to control the great energy liberated by the French Revolution and had directed it against the ancient monarchies of Europe. At this time he controlled through treaty and conquest practically all of Europe with the exception of Russia and the little island of shop-keepers, as he contemptuously termed Britain. William Pitt, the great British statesman, who had been so discouraged when the news of Napoleon's great triumph at Austerlitz reached him in 1805, that he is said to have exclaimed to his secretary, pointing to a map of Europe that hung on the wall, "Roll up that map. Put it away. It will not be needed for another ten years", still had hopes of organizing a coalition against Napoleon and of being able to hamper his operations on the continent with a view mainly of protection of Britain by keeping the great French leader so occupied that he could not concentrate on the conquest of Britain. With this thought in mind and after careful study of European conditions, Pitt and his cabinet came to the conclusion that the best point at which to attempt operations against Napoleon's power on the continent was in the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. The Spanish grandees at this time were rebelling against the ruling of Napoleon's brother Joseph, who had been placed on the throne of Spain and Portugal, which up to this time had not been overwhelmed by French armies, and had appealed to Britain for aid in the protection of their country, and the British cabinet finally sent General Wellesley with a small force to operate against the French armies in Spain. This was the beginning of what is now known as the famous Peninsula campaigns of Wellington.

It is true that at this time the outlook was not very promising. Sir John Moore, the commander of a force in the South of Spain, had been forced to retreat and to embark his army by the victorious French generals. This episode everyone will remember by the little poem detailing the death and burial of Moore in the action against the French armies. However, in spite of this defeat and the discouraging outlook, he landed in Portugal and with his accustomed thoroughness studied the situation and began his building of the famous lines of fortifications along the border of Portugal, the Torres Vedras. The story of these campaigns cannot at this time be given in detail, but we must take time at least to outline something of the stupendous task facing the British commander in these campaigns.

Wellington's army would possibly approach to something like a total of 90,000 men, and of these not more than 50,000 would be British troops. Opposed to him in Spain, under one commander and another, sometimes operating three different armies against him, would be a total force, varying, it is true, with different years, but numbering at its best something like 380,000 troops. A casual glance at the odds would seem to make the task, from a military standpoint, impossible, and this seems further so when we come to think of the reputation and military prowess of the commanders opposed to him—marshals who had received the praise and commendations of their great leader, Napoleon. Leaders like Marshal Massena, Marshal Sault, Marshal

Marmont, and others of like character, it would almost seem as though Wellington was attempting the impossible.

After having firmly established his base and kept open his line of retreat he began carefully to push forward against the French army operating in Spain. Time will not permit to detail all the great battles of the Peninsula campaigns—names with which every school-boy is familiar—the names of battles which call to our minds the heroic deeds, the indomitable courage, the persistent tenacity of British troops, that the pulse must beat quicker as we realize the odds in which every battle the troops were fighting, and when we remember that the allies of Wellington in these campaigns were never dependable we see quite clearly the odds were increased, and it is nothing short of the miraculous that any general could meet, resist even, let alone conquer and throw back such forces as were against him. Truly the great battles of Salamanca, Badajos, Orthes, San Sebastian, Vittoria and Toulouse, form a chain of brightest achievements of British generalship and courage which has possibly never been equalled in the story of the Anglo-Saxon Empire.

If we only had time it would be so interesting to detail the fights at some of these battles, but in every case, although methods differ and although conditions were changed, one fact always comes clearly through; that is the great care and preparation and the rigid adherence to plans previously studied by the Iron Duke in fighting each one of these engagements. Victory followed victory in the Peninsula campaigning for the British with such regularity that it seemed to be borne in on the minds of even the French leaders that it was impossible to beat Wellington, and the French common soldier rapidly got the idea that they were fighting against almost super-men and an army that could not be conquered.

At this point, if I might be pardoned the seeming audacity of touching even casually upon tactics before an audience of military men, I would like to point out the general methods of operation of the French and British armies during this Peninsula campaign. As a rule the French generals delighted in displaying, usually in preparation for battle, their horse, foot and artillery, and were spread out in many colored parallelograms all visible on the slope of some hill or great plain. Then, in the actual battle, generally the French would send out bodies of skirmishers known as tirailleurs, and the French excelled in this line of attack. These bodies of troops ran forward with great daring and tormented almost to the point of disorganization battalions of the army opposed to them. Once this disorganization set in the great onrush of the solid French columns proved almost irresistible. Wellington met this system of fighting with a defence carefully worked out and which was his own idea. He met the tirailleurs with an answering line of light infantry, and the fighting usually between these two irregular fronts was bloody and obstinate. Wellington's plan in this was to hold off the tirailleurs with the light infantry until the French solid columns were close up in support of them and then his light infantry ran back through the intervals be-

tween reserve columns of troops and the long thin line always beat the French column.

Professor Ormond puts it this way—that 800 men in a two-deep line, which Wellington loved, could all use their muskets and thus pour 800 bullets per volley in the French Battalion, while the French, with their narrow front, could only return at the most 160 bullets. Invariably the men in the centre of the French columns had to fire in the air to avoid shooting the men in the front. Fay, who was himself a great military leader, records that it is said the English under Wellington could always beat the French. If I may be pardoned in throwing in this little bit of technical description in connection with the battles of Wellington, I have done so because of the fact that it must be very apparent that his plans in so many cases, as is shown in the victories of the Peninsula campaign, must have been superior in their conception and in their execution to those of the French generals. In fact, Sir Harry Burrd received a report from Wellington after the battle of Vimero in which Wellington said that in this action everything was carried out exactly as he directed and no officers made any mistake who were charged with the conduct of the battle. This reference will be sufficient at once to make clear in the minds of military men how Wellington was able to perform almost the impossible in the Peninsula campaign.

Now, with the French troops driven out of Spain and French armies bruised and defeated on French soil, with the surrender of Napoleon and his banishment to Elba, Wellington returns to England, not now as one of her great generals, but as her greatest leader. Before leaving these campaigns it may be noted that the same honesty, which is such a characteristic of Wellington, shows out clearly that in every case where he has taken provender for his horses, food for his men, he has in every case paid for the same. It is very enlightening where in one case Hessian troops attached to the British army, were found riding, looting and giving over to other excesses, that Wellington called the commander of the troop before him, told him such things were going on, and he said "Sire, these things must always be in a captured town". Wellington's reply was "You will stop the action of your soldiers in this respect or I will have every man in your regiment stood against the wall and shot". It was a discipline of this nature that made the inhabitants of Portugal rely perfectly on the protection of the great British general and the British army.

In June, 1815, Napoleon escaped from the Island of Elba and with his magnetic personality found himself before the head of a large army before he reached Paris. The story of his return has been told so often that it is familiar to everyone—how that the Bourbon army which was sent to capture him, went over with all the officers and troops to the command of Napoleon, and the nations of Europe, who had been trying to straighten out the boundaries, found themselves faced again with the necessity of battle with the great French leader. Wellington, whose troops were at this time in Flanders, was asked

to defend Brussels, and the Prussian army under Blucher was also requested to aid. Napoleon, with the impetuosity that characterized his great military career, attempted to meet both armies separately and defeat them before they could unite. This was real generalship and it almost succeeded. Marshal Grouchy had met and practically defeated the Prussian army, although the engagement was indecisive. The story of Waterloo has been told and repeated so often that practically every Anglo-Saxon knows its details by heart—how that in the early hours of that famous June morning the roar of cannon broke in on the music of the ballroom in Brussels, British officers hurried away to their commands before it was yet light, and the story of the long day of fighting until finally when the shadows were creeping up from the West Napoleon made his supreme effort in sending the Old Guard of France forward but even that could not break the line, and at last the Old Guard began to waver, and Wellington, watching at the back of the battle, gave his famous order to his own troops of "Up and at them", and with a shout the Guards of Britain pushed down the slight hill, rolling back the Old Guard of France in hopeless confusion, which met the Prussian army under Blucher and the battle of Waterloo was won, and the star of Napoleon was set forever.

The victory at Waterloo at once raised the fame of Wellington to a pinnacle never before reached by any British general. He was honored by his government and people at home. He was courted and flattered by the monarchies of Europe. Decorations and distinctions from every court poured in on him so fast that it is said that the breast of his tunic held not sufficient space to hold them, and he was at that moment the dictator of Europe. It was through the cool judgment of the Iron Duke that the City of Paris and the French people were saved many indignities. Many of the allied commanders wished to humble the French, but Wellington told them they had been fighting not against France but for her in the defeat of an usurper, and he refused to allow any of the allied armies to make any inroads to French property or offer any indignity to the French people. For this he was greatly honored by the City of Paris and it is said that during these days the great British general could only with difficulty move along the boulevards of that great city as they were thronged with people who were anxious to get a glimpse of the man who had saved Europe and from another conquest of Europe by Napoleon.

Upon Wellington's return to England he received many honors. He was for a time Prime Minister of Great Britain, the greatest honor that could be given, and while he did not shine as a politician, yet no matter what mistakes he made the people always claimed that he had the welfare of Britain as his first motive.

May I, in closing, say that I believe that if the youth of our British Commonwealth of Nations would study more the lives of men who have given their all for the welfare of the state and understand a little the character of such men as the Duke of Wellington, with their sterling honesty, with their absolute devotion to duty, they would feel again some of the pride that must be felt by every true

Anglo-Saxon in the life of the man who never failed his country and not once in all his conflicts did he lose an English gun. In these days when there is so much loose talk of peace—peace when there is no peace—let us remember that we, as Anglo-Saxons, have always stood for liberty, and that it has been through the efforts of some of our greatest military leaders that a great amount of liberty has come to our people. While we hope the time will come when nations will not fight against nations, still we must remember that until nations learn the lesson of peace we must, through a study of the lives of our great men, learn to emulate them in our duty to our country. We will find as they found that “not once or twice in our great Empire’s story the path of duty was the way to glory.” May we ever revere and teach our children reverence for the life and character of this great Briton, Sir Arthur Wellesley,—Duke of Wellington.



The Garden of the Dead

By Miles Gordon

I saw a place in Flanders where stood a figure with bow'd head,
Where bright red poppies bloomed in the Garden of the Dead,
There many old comrades wander where countless heroes sleep,
And deep within their memories these honoured heroes keep.

The noise of battle faded and the German Empire fell,
But the heroes of the nation are not all here to tell,
But they shared the honoured glory of the victories that were won.
Are you proud, Canadian people, of the things which they have done?

Can the flight of hurrying seasons that have mounted into years,
That have dulled the saddened memories and dried the countless tears,
Break the faith of sleeping heroes who gave all for England's cause?
Keep true the sacred promise, 'tis one of Britain's laws.

In the early dawn of morning the hedge sparrow greets the day,
From a cress in a lonely garden where lies God's immortal clay,
No song can disturb their slumber this side of the Jordan's shore,
For they fell asleep in battle to the sound of the cannon's roar.

Chemistry and Warfare

By Capt. Chris. Sanford, A I.C. A C.I.C.,

ALTHOUGH it was not until 1915 that chemical agents were used in war, history abounds with earlier examples. Of these a few of the more interesting and important may be mentioned. The first example is dated 414 B.C., during the Polypennesian Wars of the ancient Greeks. It is recorded that at the sieges of the two Athenian cities Plataea and Belium, the besieging Spartans burned pitch and sulphur under the walls to drive the defenders from the ramparts. Livy records that at the siege of Ambrasia, 187 B.C., the hard pressed defenders, who so far had had the worst of the encounters below ground, succeeded in flooding the Romans' galleries with the smoke from burning feathers, and rendered the siege-works untenable. In the records of the succeeding centuries, we find many references to the use of "stink-bombs" of various types. "Greek Fire," a spontaneously inflammable liquid which was projected from squirts or cast in bottles, is mentioned. It was apparently used with success up to the time of the earlier crusades, when the secret of its preparation was lost. These earlier incidents are all on a small scale, and in the absence of an organized technique and of means of recording and distributing scientific knowledge, did not lead to extensive developments in warfare. They are to be regarded rather as "ruses de guerre" than as early stages in the development of the chemical weapon. It is not until more recent times that we find chemical technology sufficiently advanced for nations definitely to consider the use of chemical agents on a large scale.

During the nineteenth century, the development of chemistry was paralleled by efforts to apply it on the battlefield, along with the growth of a strong ethical objection to such application. Here again only a few of the numerous examples on record are mentioned. In 1830, a French druggist named Lefortier submitted to the French Government plans for a bomb which on explosion would produce a dense cloud of poisonous smoke. This scheme was turned down by the artillery experts, apparently on practical rather than on humanitarian grounds. In 1855, the British Government, seriously concerned with the siege of Sebastopol, which appeared to be interminable, appointed a committee to examine the practicability of reducing the fortress by means of sulphur fumes. Details of the method proposed were on file, having been submitted as early as 1812. The scheme was reported practicable, and the addition of an extremely poisonous substance, cacodyl oxide, was proposed. Further consideration led to a recommendation that the scheme be dropped, and that all records and memoranda of the subject be destroyed, as the "effects would be so horrible that no honourable combatant could use the means required to use them." This recommendation was accepted, but ap-

parently the destruction was not carried out, as the plans were published in full in 1908, in a memoir of Lord Panmure, one of the Palmerston's colleagues. Particular attention is called to the grounds of the Government's decision—the first recorded example of the humanitarian objection to the use of chemical agents. In 1885, at the siege of Charleston, during the American Civil War, the besiegers attempted unsuccessfully to copy the methods of the ancient Greeks, and to drive the defenders from their positions by the use of sulphur fumes.

That the possibilities of chemical agents had been seriously considered is shown by an article in the International Declaration made at the Hague in 1899, which purports to forbid the use of projectiles for dissemination of poisonous or asphyxiating gases. The difficulty, that the ordinary high-explosive shell itself gives off poisonous fumes on explosion, was overcome by the prohibition of projectiles, "the sole object of which was the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases." It is interesting to note that while this point is made clear in the original French text of the Declaration, the official English translation quite misses the point, and takes no account of the word "unique" in the French version. The Hague Convention of 1907 extended the prohibition to "poison and poisoned weapons" generally. The United States of America have subscribed to neither of these prohibitions. In 1912, the police of Paris were issued with tear-bombs, containing bromacetyl ester, which was later to be extensively used as a lachrymator in the late war. In that same year, these bombs were used successfully in a pitched battle between the police and the Bonnot gang of apaches, at Choisy-Le-Roi.

The next date is one well known. By April 1915, it appeared that the War on the Western front had reached a state of stalemate. The problem of attacking earthworks across the open appeared hopeless of solution. There was not the weight of guns available to reduce the defenders to impotency prior to the attack, and both sides were seeking some means of finishing the war. The Allies hoped to find this in outflanking movements on a vast scale, such as the expedition to Gallipoli; the Germans, by the introduction of a new weapon of offence which would enable them to break the Allies' line in France. The happenings of that fateful day, the twenty-second of April, 1915, are familiar at first hand to many, but few realize just how near the Germans came to winning the war for good on that day. Their failure is attributed to two factors—first, the small scale on which they used their new weapon (compare our first use of the tank);—second, the lack of co-operation, almost one might say the passive resistance to their plans, given to the chemists by the German soldiers who would not accept the opportunity given them. As it was, the Allied front was breached on a breadth of some 6 kilometers, but the Germans did not follow up their advantage "as reserves were not at hand." It is not proposed to go in detail into the development of chemical warfare during the late war. The Allies first used gas in September, 1915. Mustard gas was used by the Germans in 1917, and shortly afterward by the Allies. By the end of the war, the use of chemical agents was

a recognized part of warfare, and incidentally the superiority, both in the gas-attack and in defensive measures, had definitely passed from the Germans to the Allies.

Since the war, two important international treaties have been signed with a view to limiting the use of chemical agents in warfare. At the Washington Conference of 1922, five great nations—Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States of America—came to the following agreement (Article 5):—

“Inasmuch as the employment in warfare of asphyxiating or poisonous gases or liquids or similar materials, has been justly condemned in the universal opinion of the civilized world and has been prohibited by treaties to which the majority of civilized nations have subscribed; the signatory Powers, with a view to making this prohibition, with which they are in accord both on moral and on practical grounds, universally recognized and incorporated into international law, hereby declare that they acknowledge the prohibition, and agree to be bound thereby among themselves, and further invite all other nations to adhere to this agreement.”

The Geneva Protocol of 1925 prohibits the use of poisons and of bacteria in war. Most civilized nations signed this protocol, including the United States of America and the U.S.S.R.

Let us now turn to a consideration of what the nations are known to be doing in the matter of chemical warfare today. The Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907 have never been formally renounced, and are still de jure binding on the signatories; as binding, that is, as any agreement may be said to be when it has been repeatedly broken by most of the parties to it. In this connection, note that the Germans claim that the letter of these agreements was never broken by them; a matter of international law that we must leave for solution to the lawyers. Five great nations have agreed not to use chemical agents against each other. They are left free to study defensive measures against chemicals. To what extent it is possible to study defence without at the same time studying offence is a question that cannot be discussed here. The Geneva Protocol still awaits ratification by many of its signatories, notably the U.S.A. Note here that all these international agreements contain clauses which authorize their abrogation in the event of either side's being joined by a non-signatory.

Of the nations outside the League, Russia and the United States of America both have extensive chemical warfare services. That of Russia is said to be backed by powerful civilian organizations, much as the flying clubs in this country might be considered to back the Air Force. The chemical warfare service of the U.S.A. has two special functions:—

(i) Lecturers are sent round the country to Rotary Club and other meetings for the purpose of explaining the work of the service to the citizens.

(ii) The Service, in co-operation with the Air Service, is making a study of the control of insect pests by spraying chemicals from aircraft—an operation easily convertible to war purposes.

At least one university in the U.S.A. includes "chemical warfare" in its chemistry course.

The British Army maintains a gas-defence depot with a large staff of technicians, and every soldier, both in the Regular Army and in the Canadian Permanent Force, receives training in defence of gas. The modern British respirator is reported to be at present the best in the world. The facepiece is a great improvement on that of the small box respirator used in the late war. For example, the eyepieces are automatically cleared of fog, and the voice of the wearer is clearly audible. The "training" container is proof against all known agents except the "toxic smokes" which have been developed since 1918. On necessity, the "training" container will be replaced by the "mobilization" container, which will give complete protection.

The official British attitude towards the use of chemical agents is to be found in the training manual "Defence against Gas", the foreword to which reads as follows:—

"In accordance with the international agreements entered into by His Majesty's Government and the Governments of the self-governing Dominions and India, the British Government will, on the outbreak of war, endeavor, in conjunction with its allies, to obtain from the enemy Government or Governments an engagement that poisonous gas shall not be used as a weapon of war. In the event of failure to obtain such an engagement, His Majesty's Government will be free to take such action as circumstances demand."

Before considering the probability of the employment of the chemical weapon in the future, and our chances of finding a practicable means of prohibiting it, let us assume for the moment that it has become a recognized form of warfare, and attempt to foretell the future tactical development of its use. First, then, in warfare between groups of highly mobile units, operating over large areas—what we may call "open" warfare. Included in the armament of the smallest units—"platoon weapons"—we may expect to find gas grenades and toxic-smoke candles. These will be used, for example, to assist in dislodging the enemy from defended posts, by compelling him to drop his weapon and assume his gas mask at the moment of assault. The larger formations, possibly battalions, will have at their command portable projectors, capable of causing a sudden high concentration of non-persistent gas over a larger area. Such portable projectors were developed towards the end of the late war, but were not put into use before the Armistice. Persistent agents, of the nature of mustard gas, will be employed in long-range bombardment of points of importance such as dumps, cross-roads, and likely places for headquarters. If we come to "close" warfare again, we may expect the em-

ployment of chemical agents, not only in minor enterprises as have been described, but in addition on a vast scale. Enormous areas will be flooded with persistent gas, to compel their evacuation by the enemy, and the troops will be required to wear their gas-masks for days on end! Heavy concentration of persistent gas will be used for such purposes as the isolation of enemy reserves and the refusal of flanks of attack. Early examples of these methods are to be found in the German attacks of 21st March and 20th April, 1918.

The use of chemical agents on a large scale will affect the civilian population, who will be compelled either to evacuate large areas behind the front or to seek protection in gas masks or in specially-constructed shelters. This matter of "mass-protection" of the civil population is already engaging the minds of the technologists in Germany, threatened as she is by a great nation outside the league from which emanates a mass of unconfirmed but disquieting rumours regarding the means by which she hopes to force her political theories on the world.

Nothing has been said so far about the use of chemical weapons by the Air Forces. It is obvious that the moral effect of aerial bombardment of a country's nerve-centres—an operation recognized today as a legitimate use of air power—will be greatly increased if gas bombs are to be allowed in addition to high explosives. Certain technical difficulties will tend, however, to limit the actual material effect of such operations. It is not an easy matter for aircraft to create by bomb-dropping a high concentration of non-persistent gas. If a persistent agent be used, the areas affected can be easily demarcated, and evacuated until decontamination measures can be put into effect. The greatest chance of effecting casualties would probably be afforded by the toxic smokes; though defensive and decontamination methods against these may be devised.

The spraying work now being so extensively undertaken by the U.S.A. Air Service—and doubtless not being neglected by other nations—suggests another method of chemical warfare. Small quantities of agents such as mustard gas can be released in the form of a fine spray from aircraft flying low over troops. Given suitable meteorological conditions, such a cloud will be invisible, and will contaminate the troops on whom it settles just as surely as a gas bombardment. Since mustard gas, like several other agents that have been developed, has a delay action, this will mean that all troops on approach of a low-flying enemy aircraft, must assume their protective apparatus; and will have to wait forty-eight hours to know whether they are casualties or not. Areas so treated will be extremely difficult to decontaminate.

It will be observed that we have dealt only with developments that have already been partially or completely worked out—such developments as might well have been brought about if the last war had lasted a little longer. Whether in the course of the next few generations, advances in chemical technology might not produce a weapon

capable of altering the whole nature of war and the relations between nations, we will not attempt to speculate.

Having touched on the immediate possibilities inherent in the chemical weapon, we may consider the likelihood of chemical agents being employed in the future. It is necessary to emphasize that the ethics of the question will not be discussed here but rather an appreciation of its probabilities; to suggest an answer to the question, not "should there be chemical warfare?", but "will there be chemical warfare?". The various international agreements purporting to prohibit the use of chemical agents have already been enumerated, and it has been pointed out that of these the U.S.A. has agreed only to the Declaration of the Washington Conference. While these agreements are useful in directing public opinion, cases may arise where public opinion is a more important factor in determining the action of a nation than its agreements. The fact remains that in whatever way it has come about, there is today an overwhelming feeling against the use of chemical agents in war, if war there must be. This feeling must be counted as a major factor in the probabilities when we attempt to forecast the trend of public opinion. At the same time the development of chemical technology is likely to familiarize the public with the use of chemistry in daily life, and the parallel between, let us say, the use of poison gas against an invasion of locusts and its use against the invaders of a country is bound to present itself to a people struggling for national existence.

It may be of interest in this connection to examine some figures on the relative effectiveness of chemical and other weapons during the Great War. The table shows the official statistics for the American Expeditionary Force. The A.E.F. is especially suitable for the purpose of the comparison we wish to make, because at the time the United States troops got to France, gas warfare was well developed, and had become normal. The period covered in these figures closes on 1st September, 1919. The percentages of deaths and total blindness shown may therefore be slightly low, as no account is taken of men who have died or gone blind since that date as a result of war injuries, either from "gas" or otherwise.

1. Total Casualties	258,338	
Caused by Gas	76,752	or 27 %
All other causes	187,586	or 73 %
2. Of the gas casualties	1,400 died	or 1.9%
Of other casualties	45,449 died	or 24.2%
3. Of gas casualties, 44 were permanently blinded	or	.06%
Of other " 644 " " " "	or	.3%

These figures are quoted by the protagonists of chemical warfare as showing that "gas" is the most humane of all weapons, if we are content to render our enemy a casualty without killing or permanently injuring him. It will be seen that chemical agents produced 2 out of every 9 casualties; that a gas casualty had 12 times as much chance of pulling through, and 20 times as much of escaping permanent blind-

ness, as a casualty from some other weapon. Further, gas is free from the charge of causing the permanent maiming and loss of limbs such as can be debited to other weapons. Indeed, it has even been claimed that the introduction of chemical agents has rendered all other weapons illegal, under Article 23 (e) of the Hague Declaration of 1907, which forbids the use of weapons "calculated to cause unnecessary suffering."

Now as to the expediency of the chemical weapon. It must be realized that once a nation has arrived at the state of mind which will tolerate the use of chemical agents, the means will lie ready to its hand. Many of the materials required are produced in quantity during peace—for example, chlorine, which is in use for the purification of water-supply, in laundries, and in a large number of the chemical processes in operation or proposed in connection with the oil industry. The conversion of peace-time chemical industry to the purposes of chemical warfare will be a matter of far less difficulty; can be carried out with far less disruption of the normal life of the country, than is brought about by the necessity of turning out the vast quantities of warlike gear, from high-explosive shells to trouser-buttons, which will in any event be required in war.

The war gases dichlorodiethylsulphide (mustard gas), bromacetyl ester, phosgene, chlorpicrin, diphenylchlorarsine, ethyl carbazole, benzyl bromide, chloracetophenone, and cyanogen chloride, for example, may be produced by adapting the processes of the salt industry and the coal industry to the needs of chemical warfare. Further consideration will indicate the ease with which chemists, if required, will be able to supply us with agents for use in the battlefield; and the temptation to which a highly industrialized nation will be put to employ these weapons against its enemies.

Regarding Canada's possible position and obligations in this matter of chemical warfare, while it is a profound hope of all supporters of the League of Nations that the League will continue to find peaceful solutions to all its problems, the Covenant of the League does contemplate in the last extremity the use of armed force in the furtherance of the League's policy—either in resistance to oppression from without, or in disciplining a member state. The Covenant, to which Canada is a signatory, has been interpreted as not obliging any member of the League to go to war against its will; but circumstances may arise in which, owing to the pressure of public opinion, either here or in the world at large, Canada will find herself participating in operations undertaken under the auspices of the League. In such a case, we can by no means be certain that our opponents will refrain from the use of the chemical weapon; and the quota of troops called for by the League may well include a proportion of men trained in offensive methods of chemical warfare. The British Empire in several portions of its frontiers, marches with states which are either outside the League, or which have withheld themselves so far from any obligation not to use the chemical weapon.

In conclusion, may the necessity of keeping an open mind in regard to this matter of chemical warfare be submitted. The possibility of chemical agents being employed, cannot be altogether discounted in our plans for the future; that if wars are to be, chemistry in one way or the other is likely to play an important part; and that it is likely to lead, as no other weapon has led, to the further lowering of the distinction between combatants and non-combatants, thus tending to prevent wars; and if war there must be, to bring about a short and decisive conflict with victory to that side which is best organized in an industrial as much as in a military sense.

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General Strange and the Alberta Field Force in the '85 Rebellion

By J. E. A. Macleod, K. C.

I N looking for a subject for tonight, I thought it might be of interest to say something of General Strange and his participation in the '85 Rebellion. Apart from the intrinsic interest of his career, a special interest for this City and Institute attaches to him from the fact that he was closely connected with the genesis of the Permanent Force of the Militia of Canada, to which so many members of this Institute belong, and one of the early ranchers in the vicinity of Calgary.

Thomas Bland Strange was born in 1831 at Meerut, India, where his father's regiment, the Cameronians, were at the time stationed. Of mixed Scottish and Irish ancestry, Strange belonged to a family of soldiers. His father, Harry Francis Strange, after exchanging from the Cameronians, finished his military career as commanding officer of the 25th King's Own Borderers. His grandfather, Alexander Strange, had been a captain in the 13th Light Dragoons and had fought at Waterloo. One paternal uncle had, as a midshipman, been a shipmate of Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, and three others had been military officers, of whom one, after carrying as ensign the colours of the Black Watch in the Peninsular War, had died of wounds received at Toulouse. Through his Norman-Irish grandmother, who belonged also to a military family from which he took his second name, Bland, Strange traced his descent from Charlemagne. Strange's own brother, Alexander, served in India and New Zealand.

There is an interesting collateral branch of the family, which also was connected with Canada in early days. Sir Robert Strange, the famous engraver, then an art student in Edinburgh, went out with the Pretender in 1745. He was apparently without much enthusiasm for the Stuart cause but was influenced by his fiancée, Isabella Lumisden, who like many of her Scottish sisters, was an ardent supporter of Bonnie Prince Charlie. After Culloden, Strange was for a while in hiding in Edinburgh, and on one occasion was followed into the Lumisden house by a detail of red soldiers. Isabella Lumisden, equal to the emergency, seated herself at the spinet and concealed her lover under her ample hoop skirt and, while the soldiers vainly searched the house, played a Jacobite air.

The eldest son of Sir Robert and Isabella Strange, Charles Edward Stuart Strange, was an officer in the service of the East India Company and as such made a voyage to Nootka Sound and left a narrative of his journey and an account of the natives. At the in-

stance of Judge Howay of New Westminster this narrative was discovered within the last few years in the Madras Public Record Office and published. The second son, Thomas Andrew Strange, afterwards Sir Thomas, was for several years at the end of the 18th century, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia and later a famous Indian jurist. His portrait, painted by Sir Benjamin West for the bar of Nova Scotia, now hangs in the Court House at Halifax.

In December, 1851, Strange was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. After some years' garrison duty at Gibraltar and in the West Indies, on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, he was sent to India as a staff officer. He served through the Mutiny, participating in thirteen engagements, among them the relief of Lucknow, and was four times mentioned in despatches. On one occasion a half battery of Royal Artillery under his command with two guns of the R.H.A. without cavalry or infantry charged and captured two enemy guns, an exploit said to be without precedent in military history. While in India, after the end of the mutiny, Strange was invited by General Gordon, with whom he had been intimate at Woolwich, to join him in China and organize the Chinese artillery; but the War Office would not consent to his going.

Strange returned to England in 1861 and continued there for the next ten years, during six of which he was a member of the instructional staff at Woolwich. In 1871, his connection with Canada began. The British Government, then under the "Little Englander" leadership of Gladstone, withdrew the Imperial garrisons from Quebec and Kingston. The Canadian Government thereupon decided to raise two batteries of artillery to be stationed at Quebec and Kingston, for the dual purpose of keeping the military works at these cities from going to ruin and to provide training centres for the artillery of the Active Militia. The original scheme was to draft the personnel of these batteries from the artillery units of the Active Militia and retire the men after a year's service to their militia units, where they would serve as instructors. This plan broke down in practice, or more correctly, was never put into practice and the batteries became the originals of the present permanent force, to all intents regular troops recruited largely, in the earlier years from time-expired Imperials. Two British artillery officers were chosen to command these batteries, Strange commanding "B" Battery at Quebec and Colonel G. A. French, later the first Commissioner of the Mounted Police, "A" Battery at Kingston. In addition to commanding "B" Battery, Strange was Commandant of the Quebec Garrison, Inspector of Artillery for Canada and Commandant of the Artillery School. In 1880 the two batteries were transferred, Strange with "B" Battery, going to Kingston.

In 1881 Strange became entitled to a pension in the Imperial service; but owing to existing regulations he could not get it while employed in Canada. He reluctantly made up his mind to resign from both services, and retired from the British Army with the rank of Major-General.

Some years before this, while Strange was on a mission for the Government to the Pacific Coast to report upon the best terminus from a military point of view, for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and upon suitable Coast defences, his attention had been drawn to the possibilities of ranching in Western Canada, particularly as an opening for retired military officers and their sons. When he retired from the service, he left for the foothills country to look over the ground, travelling by the usual route through the States, up the Missouri to Fort Benton and thence into Canada by wagon.

With a young Englishman whom he had met in Montana and who had had sheep ranching experience in Australia, he selected 70,000 acres North of the Bow River around Namaka, intending to go into sheep ranching. At that stage, Government regulations were passed forbidding the running of sheep North of the Bow and he had to change to cattle and horses, which caused him the loss of his partner. Strange made homestead entry and with the help of some Indians, built a log shack and then returned to Ottawa to close with the Government for his leases and to complete the organization of his Company, which he called the Military Colonization Company.

The next spring Strange returned to the ranch and during the following three years things went forward in a promising manner. Mrs. Strange and the family came out and a frame house was brought from the East in sections and erected, to which was given the name "Strangmuir". From time to time herds of cattle and horses were driven up from Montana, land was broken and the place put into shape. In accordance with the original idea of the purpose of the ranch, he was joined by some half-dozen sons of brother officers, of whom one, Bob Newbolt, is still a resident of the district.

In the early spring of 1885 the peace and progress of the Military Colonization Ranch was broken in upon by reports of an uprising of French half-breeds and Indians in the Saskatchewan country and the fear of still graver trouble with the Indians at home. The 1885 Rebellion, like the outbreak in Manitoba in 1869-70, owed its origin largely to land troubles. After the quelling of the Manitoba outbreak, the half-breeds, largely of French-Indian origin, who had long been living along both branches of the Saskatchewan above the forks, were joined by men of the same race from Manitoba. Like their ancestors in Quebec, these settlers had taken up narrow holdings each fronting on the river, so that their houses should be near together and each have a river frontage. They were of course merely squatters, not holding their lands by any legal title. When the Dominion Land Surveyors, engaged in laying out the country into sections of one mile square, reached these settlements history repeated itself and, as in Manitoba in the '60s, so on the Saskatchewan in the '80s, the settlers feared that they would lose their lands or at least have to conform to the standard system of survey. Apparently the Government had learned nothing from the troubles of '69-'70, and little attention was paid to the complaints of the settlers till too late.

While the Metis were thus agitated, the Indians were also ripe for trouble. Most of the Crees had taken treaty in 1876, and had been moved North and settled on reserves; but were still in the transition stage. The buffalo had gone and the Indians were dependent for sustenance on the Government rations. Unfortunately Indian affairs do not seem at this time to have been very sympathetically administered. Rations were reduced and Sir Cecil Denny says that there is no doubt that, at this time, the Crees were not sufficiently fed. Big Bear, of whom we shall hear more hereafter, and his band had not entered the treaty with the other Crees, strangely enough, because he insisted on the inclusion of a term that no Indian should be hanged; but had gone into the States. There they made nuisances of themselves and were driven back into Canada. In the last stages of destitution, they took treaty in 1883 at Fort Walsh and were sent North. They did not, however, go on a reserve and were in 1884-85, drifting round the country along the North Saskatchewan in the neighbourhood of Fort Pitt. The trouble which occurred in 1884, between the Police under Superintendent Crozier and the Indians on Poundmaker's reserve, when the Police arrested an Indian who had forcibly taken provisions from an Indian agent, and which just escaped ending in a battle, was an indication of what might happen at any time.

In the South, while it turned out the Indians remained peaceful, largely due to the loyalty of Crowfoot, the consequences of an outbreak would have been more serious than in the North. The powerful Blackfoot confederacy, consisting of the related tribes of Blackfeet, Bloods and Peigans, with their allies, the Sarcees, was the largest body of Indians in the West. They had long been dreaded for their ferocity and bravery and owing to their proximity to the border were armed with modern Winchester rifles instead of the Hudson's Bay trade guns which formed a large part of the equipment of the Northern Indians. They were the latest Indians to take treaty and had numerous relatives across the line who, in case of an uprising, would have rejoiced to join them on the warpath. A rising of the Blackfeet would have meant the destruction of the ranches which were already beginning to cover the foothill country, and the wiping out of the unprotected villages of Calgary, Macleod and Red Deer. The prospect of their joining the Northern Indians was increased by the facts that Poundmaker, one of the leading Cree chiefs, was a relative of Crowfoot, and that peace between Blackfeet and Cree had been made, largely through the agency of Poundmaker, after years of sporadic warfare.

In June, 1884, a deputation was sent from the Saskatchewan to Riel in Montana, where he was teaching in a Jesuit Indian School. After the 1870 rebellion, Riel had escaped to the States and had become an American citizen. In due course he had been pardoned by the Dominion Government and was now free to return to Canada. After some deliberation, Riel accepted the invitation of the deputation to return to Canada and lead the Metis in the agitation for their alleged rights. Much has been written and spoken in Parliament and

elsewhere, pro and con, as to whether Riel was an honest fanatic, actuated by a desire to advance the interest of his fellows, or led by a desire for notoriety and personal aggrandisement. Whatever may be the truth as to this, I think no one can doubt that his words and actions in trying to subvert both church and state show that while probably not insane in the legal sense, as he was found not to be by the Court which convicted him of treason, he was or had become a man of unbalanced mind, incapable of exercising proper judgment.

At first the agitation under the leadership of Riel was carried on constitutionally with the approval of many of the white settlers. Following the precedent of 1869, a Bill of Rights was drawn up, which, from our point of view today, contained no very extraordinary demands. Unfortunately this, like preceding representations, was pigeon-holed by the Government. Then Riel proceeded to set up a provisional government with himself at the head with the title of "Exovede", tried to detach his followers from their church, began to pillage stores and imprison traders and officials of the Indian Department and called the Indians to his assistance. Finally he issued an ultimatum to Superintendent Crozier at Carlton, calling upon him to surrender.

The first actual collision came at Duck Lake on March 26th, 1885, when Superintendent Crozier with a force of Police and Prince Albert volunteers tried to bring in some stores, and was attacked by the hostiles and forced to retreat with a loss of twelve killed.

When news of this tragedy reached the East, the Government took energetic action. Militia units from Halifax to Winnipeg were called up and sent out, together with "A" and "B" batteries of the permanent force, amounting in all to about 6,000 men, under the command of Major General Middleton, then commanding the Canadian Militia. Home guards were organized in the various threatened towns, scouts were enrolled and the Mounted Police mobilized at the scene of the trouble.

It is not my purpose to follow in detail the fortunes of the main body of the force under General Middleton, which fought at Fish Creek and Batoche and received the surrender of the provisional government and later of Poundmaker, or those of Otter's column which relieved Battleford and had an unfortunate brush with Poundmaker's Indians at Cut Knife; but to confine myself to the Alberta Field Force. I shall, however, have to speak of the doings of Big Bear's band, as the operations of the Alberta Field Force were directed to the breaking up of this band, the capture of its leaders and the rescue of the prisoners taken by it.

In March, 1885, Big Bear's Indians were hunting around Frog Lake. This place was the site of an Indian agency, a Hudson Bay trading post and a Catholic Mission, and was about thirty miles West of Fort Pitt. Both Frog Lake and Fort Pitt were North of the North Saskatchewan River, with the present Alberta-Saskatchewan boundary about midway between them.

After news of the Duck Lake affair reached them, the Indians at Frog Lake became riotous, looted the Indian Agency and Farm and the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and gathered the whites together. After interrupting mass, which was being celebrated by Father Fafard, they shot most of the whites in cold blood. The killed were Quin, the Indian agent, part Sioux, whose father had been killed in the Minnesota massacre; Delany, the farm instructor; Gowanlock, proprietor of a grist and saw mill; Gilchrist, his clerk; Dill, an independent trader; Father Fafard, the Roman Catholic missionary; Father Marchant, missionary at Onion Lake; Williscraft, a mechanic attached to the mission, and Goun, a carpenter. W. B. Cameron, of the Hudson's Bay Company, escaped through the good offices of some Indians; Henry Quin, nephew of the Agent, escaped to Fort Pitt; Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Gowanlock, after having their husbands shot before their eyes, were carried off by the Indians; but were ransomed by friendly half-breeds. It is noteworthy, in view of the history of Indian wars in the East and South, that no woman, out of the considerable number actually in the hands of the Indians, was ill-treated, except by being forced to follow the Indians in their wanderings.

After the massacre, the Indians proceeded to attack Fort Pitt, which was held by a handful of Police under Inspector Francis Dickens, son of the novelist. By arrangement, all the civilians to the number of 27, including W. J. McLean, the Hudson's Bay Chief Trader, and his numerous family, went out to the Indians and the garrison evacuated the Fort and retired to Battleford. The only casualties were Trooper Cowan killed and Trooper Loasby wounded. These men, with Henry Quin, were scouting towards Frog Lake and on their return stumbled upon the Indians. The Indians then plundered and burned the Fort.

When the news of the outbreak reached Calgary, there was great excitement, as the place was practically without police or arms. Old-timers tell of one Sunday evening when the population were in various churches and the men were called out of the services by a report that the Blackfeet were on the march to town. However, it proved to be a false alarm, due to a party of unarmed Indians being on their way to pay a visit to the Sarcee Reserve. Farther North, in the Cree country, there was more trouble. Settlers near Red Deer were pillaged, Edmonton was apprehensive and a small outbreak occurred at Saddle Lake.

General Strange was authorized by wire by Adolph Caron, Minister of Militia, to enroll men and later was placed in command of all forces in Alberta. The 65th Voltigeurs of Montreal under Col. Ouimet and 92nd Winnipeg Light Infantry under Col. Osborne Smith were sent to Alberta and placed under his command. His total force, not including home guards and the Police remaining on garrison duty, was made up of the following units:—

1. Mounted Scouts under Major S. B. Steele, consisting of 20

- men of the N.W.M.P. and 40 specially enlisted men, mostly Alberta cowboys, under Lieutenant Oswald;
2. Alberta Mounted Rifles, under Major Hatton, an employee of Strange's with military experience;
 3. 20 mounted police with a 9 pr. field gun under Inspector Perry;
 4. 65th Voltigeurs, 8 companies of 40 men each.
Col. Ouimet, who commanded this battalion, was, owing to ill health, left in command at Edmonton and was succeeded in command of the battalion by Major Hughes.
 5. 92nd Winnipeg Light Infantry of similar strength.

Strange's personal staff consisted of his eldest son, Harry B. Strange, a graduate of the Royal Military College, A.D.C., and Capt. Dale, an old Indian comrade of Strange's who travelled up from Manitoba, where he was farming, and as Strange was leaving Calgary, took hold of his horse's mane and abjured him by the day they captured the Black Horse Battery, to give him a chance of one more fight before he died. Strange appointed him Brigade Major. Strange's personal teamster was Wheeler Mickle, well known to old Calgarians, who carried the only flag of the force, a cotton handkerchief printed with the Union Jack, into action at Frenchmen's Butte. Three clergymen accompanied the force, Rev. Canon McKay, Rev. Mr. McKenzie, Presbyterian missionary at Macleod, and Father Prevost, chaplain of the 65th. Rev. John McDougall preceded the column to Edmonton and beyond, with some of his Stoney as scouts.

The advance of the force towards its objective in Big Bear's country was begun on April 15th by sending forward Lieut. Corryell with fifteen scouts and a band of Red Deer settlers armed as home guards under Beatty of Red Deer with orders to proceed to Red Deer and to secure themselves there, and if attacked en route to return to Calgary. On the same day Rev. John McDougall, with four Stoney scouts, left for Edmonton to assure the settlers there that the force was coming to their assistance with all possible speed.

The column proper was divided into three sections, each to follow the preceding one as transport was available. The first section, with Strange in command, left Calgary on the 20th April and consisted of Steele's scouts and four companies of the 65th with supply and transport and medical outfit. This section completed the 200 miles to Edmonton in ten days, bridging creeks, corduroying swamps and cutting out brush as they proceeded. They met with no opposition, though constantly under observation by bands of Indians. At Battle River, on April 29th, they got word from John McDougall, who had reached Edmonton safely.

The second column under Captain Perry, consisting of twenty police with the field gun and auxiliary services and the third under Col. Osborne Smith, made up of the Alberta Mounted Rifles and

four companies of Winnipeg Light Infantry, left Calgary together and arrived at Edmonton in quicker time than the first section, having the advantage of the road work done by that section. One company of the Winnipeg Light Infantry had been left at Gleichen to safeguard the railway line in case of trouble with the Blackfeet; another had been sent to Macleod to replace the Police and a half company of the 65th was left at Red Deer. Further detachments of the 65th, each of a company or less, were left at various points from Edmonton to Fort Pitt to protect the settlers and guard the communications of the Force.

Strange had ordered built in Edmonton, to be in readiness for the arrival of his Force, five flat boats for carrying supplies and one more strongly built boat for the field gun. From Edmonton to Fort Pitt and on to Frenchmen's Butte, part of the infantry were transferred by boat and unused transport wagons used for the remainder to hasten as much as possible the rate of the advance. The occupants of the boats were protected from rifle fire as far as possible by piling hay and other supplies along the sides. Strange relates that he was embarrassed at Edmonton by receiving an official letter from the officer commanding the Winnipeg battalion, condemning the construction of the boats, asking for a board to determine the penetration of flour bags by rifle bullets and requesting permission to condemn a large portion of the ammunition issued to the troops. He appointed a board of Hudson's Bay men to go into the matter of the boats; but informed the complainant that the experiments on the flour bags would have to be left to the enemy and the defects in the ammunition overcome by withholding fire until the enemy were within short range.

The force left Edmonton on May 14th, was at Fort Saskatchewan on the 15th, Victoria on the 16th, Vermilion Creek on the 20th, Saddle Lake on the 21st, Moose Hill Creek on the 24th and arrived at Frog Lake, the scene of the massacre, on the morning of the 25th. Here they found the charred bodies of the victims among the ruins of the burnt buildings and gave them decent burial. The same afternoon they reached Fort Pitt. The buildings still standing were put in a state of defence and a company of the 65th posted as a garrison. Numerous trails were found, leading from Fort Pitt in different directions and scouts were sent out to try and get on the track of Big Bear. Capt. Perry with his twenty Police was sent to scout South of the river. Unfortunately of his own accord he kept on to Battleford and did not rejoin the force until after Frenchmen's Butte, when he came with General Middleton. With him he took the gun crew. Lieut. Strange took charge of the gun and it was worked by a crew improvised from the Winnipeg Light Infantry. Major Steele's scouts came upon a recent heavy trail which first ran West, then North and, circling about thirty miles, came back to the river within three miles East of Fort Pitt. In the course of this trip, Steele and some of his men came upon a party of Indians. The leader of these rode at Steele, who was leading his men, fired and missed and was himself shot by Steele. He turned out to be the chief who had led

the outbreak at Saddle Lake and at the time of his death was wearing a large silver Queen's medal, given him by the Government. On the morning of the 27th, Steele was able to report that the enemy, occupying, according to the count of the scouts, 187 lodges, were in front. Strange at once moved his men forward, sending the 65th down the river in the boats, and transporting the Winnipeg Light Infantry in wagons. The force, after all deductions, consisted of 197 infantry, rank and file, Major Steele's scouts, 27 of Hatton's Mounted Rifles, and the 9-pounder. During the 27th the force advanced in extended order, clearing the woods of parties of the enemy. That night the wagons were corralled with the horses inside and the men under arms under the wagons. Next day they advanced to Frenchmen's Butte, where the Indians were in force. Frenchmen's Butte was an oval knoll about five miles North of the Saskatchewan. Between it and Strange's force was a ravine about 500 feet wide, with willow brush at the bottom. A small creek, so marshy it could only be crossed with much difficulty, flowed through this ravine at the base of the Butte, joining at its south end the Little Red Deer River, which flowed along the eastern side of the Butte. The western slope of the Butte was a natural glacié; but the crest was thickly wooded. Along the crest the Indians had dug about three hundred skilfully constructed rifle pits, concealed with brush placed to look like a natural growth. Along the only access to the slope to the left of the Indian position, the Indians had hung red streamers to lure the force that way, when they would have been exposed to a front and flank fire.

Strange posted his gun in the open space at the edge of the ravine where the Indians had held their last sun dance, with two companies of the Winnipeg Light Infantry in support. The rest of the Force was extended in the ravine with Steele's scouts, dismounted, on the left, the 65th next, the Winnipeg Light Infantry on the right of the 65th and Hatton's Alberta Rifles, dismounted, on the right flank.

The gun bombarded the rifle pits and the trench with shrapnel, which appeared to be ineffective, and with ordinary shells with percussion fuses. These did some damage, destroying some of the pits and killing and wounding, as was afterwards ascertained, several of their occupants. The men tried to cross the swamp but sank to the waist. In view of this and of the fire to which the men would have been exposed, had they been able to cross the creek, Strange decided not to try a frontal attack. As he judged that an advance on his right would also be impracticable, he ordered his men to extend to the left and try and turn the enemy's right. This, however, was found to be impossible and Strange withdrew to Fort Pitt, to await supplies and reinforcements from Middleton, who in the meantime had quelled the rebellion in the East.

On the 29th supplies arrived from Edmonton and on the 30th Strange set out again for Frenchmen's Butte. They found that the Indians had left their position. Making a detour to avoid the swamps, they examined the position which the Indians had occupied and found

that they had left it by a number of trails, which converged to two. On one of these they found worsted knotted to the trees and a note from the McLeans, saying that they were well and being carried Northwest. At this stage Strange got a message from Middleton saying he was on his way to join him, so Strange halted, sending Steele with the mounted men along the one trail to try and rescue the McLeans. McKay of the Hudson's Bay Company, with some men of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, followed the other trail and came upon Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Gowanlock with some half-breeds. On June 2nd, Cameron, Rev. Mr. Quinney and his wife, Halpin and Dufresne and some half-breed families were brought into camp. Steele came up with the main body of the Indians at Loon or Scout Lake and had a brush with them, in which Sergeant Fury of the Police and Scouts Fiske and West were wounded. On June 3rd General Middleton came into camp and went on after Steele with all the mounted men, and Strange with the infantry went North to Beaver River, where the Chippewyan Indians, who had been with Big Bear's band, surrendered on June 9th. He was about to send a detachment under Col. Osborne Smith further North to Cold Lake to search for the McLeans, when news was brought that all the prisoners had been rescued and brought to Fort Pitt. Upon this, though Big Bear was still at large, General Middleton decided to order the return of the Force. The Eastern contingents went East from Fort Pitt, while Steele with the cavalry, transport, etc., started on the long march back to Calgary. Strange had to go East, eventually to Ottawa, to arrange for settlement of accounts which he had personally incurred for supplies and transport. Big Bear was later captured in the vicinity of Fort Carlton.

So ended the '85 Rebellion, which need not have happened, had ordinary tact and consideration been shown by the Government in their dealings with the Metis and the Indians, and in which the half-breeds and Indians had shown themselves no mean foemen. Riel paid for his misdeeds at Regina after a celebrated trial, in which leading counsel from Eastern Canada were engaged.

Indian chiefs were hanged for murder, their executioner being one of the prisoners taken at Fort Pitt. Poundmaker and Big Bear were imprisoned, each for a comparatively short term, and each died shortly after his release.

General Strange returned to his ranch at Namaka to find that the War Office had deprived him of his pension on account of his military services, and was asked to refund what he had received from the time of his taking the field. Both he and his son had served in the Rebellion without pay. Some months afterwards, through the intervention of the Marquis of Lorne, his pension was restored. Harry Strange found that in his absence, he had received a commission in the Royal Artillery, in which he afterwards had a distinguished career. Strange remained at the ranch for a few years, when he and his family returned to England. He died July 9th, 1925, aged 94 years. Proving that his courage was not dimmed by age, he

married a second time in 1918, at the age of 87. He published an autobiography called Gunner Jingo's Jubilee, which has gone through three editions, from which I have got most of the facts about his life here set out. His biography also appears in the Dictionary of National Biography and in various Canadian compilations of the same sort. He would appear to have been a brave and accomplished soldier, a man of brusque manner, but kindly withal, and there is no doubt that he served Canada well, both in connection with the organization of the Permanent Force and by his services in '85.

To The Members—

A policy of reciprocation towards the advertisers in these pages will make this publication a sought-for medium for advertisements.

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THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE

The Longest Service Military Man in Canada



Col. James Walker, Calgary.

In making the claim that Col. James Walker of Calgary is the "longest service military man in Canada" we have no fear of contradiction, but also for variety of service, we believe Col. Walker's record is unique.

The old Sedentary Militia. Why only historians remember even that title, and yet Col. Walker was an ensign in that body, and enrolled part of a company for that organization in the last year of its existence.

The colonel always loved military work, and took every opportunity to qualify himself for its proper performance. As early as the year 1866,—just fancy, that is nearly sixty-six years ago, he took a second class military certificate in the military school conducted by the second battalion, 17th British regiment, in Toronto, in 1870 a first class infantry certificate at the military school conducted by Col. R. L. Dennison in Toronto, in 1873 a certificate in the Royal School of Gunnery at Kingston, and in 1905 a cavalry certificate in Calgary, on the organization of the 15th Light Horse.

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In the Fenian Raid of 1870 Col. Walker, not then a colonel, though, was in charge of the guard of 40 men under the command of Major David Thompson, M. P., of Haldimand County stationed at Port Colbourne. In 1871 he assisted in organizing that fine corps the 77th, Wentworth Batt., of which he was Major and Adjutant at its training in 1872 and 1873. In 1874 he joined the Royal North West Mounted Police, and left Ontario for the West

In 1816 Col. Walker reverted to the rank of Captain, and enrolled a forestry company of 200 men for the 238th Forestry Batt., under Col. Smyth, with whom he went overseas, where he was promoted to the rank of Major, and served on Col. Smyth's staff

At the present time the subject of our sketch is Hon. Col. of the 15th Canadian Light Horse and the South Alberta Horse. Though now past eight-five years of age Colonel Walker is still hale and hearty, still a lover of soldiering, and still active in the interests of the corps of which he is Hon. Colonel.

Few men are better known or more respected in the West.

With many another we wish Colonel Walker many further years of good health and activity, for he may well be called "**The Grand Old Man of the Canadian Militia.**"

A.T.T.

—In the Canadian Military Gazette, Ottawa.

Sir William Van Horne

By A. E. Ottewell, Registrar of the University of Alberta

DECEMBER 31st next will be the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival at Winnipeg of Sir William Van Horne to take up the position of superintendent of construction with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The history of Canada during the last fifty years is bound up closely with the story of the C.P.R.—one of the most romantic it is possible to imagine—but that story without the part played in it by Van Horne would be like the play of Hamlet without the Prince. Even after his official connection with the company had been severed still he was considered in the public mind as being identified with it.

Necessarily limitation of time must make my remarks sketchy and inadequate. I would refer those who are interested to the book entitled "The Life and Work of Sir William Van Horne", by Vaughan, which may no doubt be found in the public library.

The story of his life falls naturally into four parts:

1. His early life in the United States.
2. The building of the C.P.R.
3. The consolidation of the C.P.R.
4. His closing years including the building of the Cuban Railway.

Sir William Van Horne was born at Chelsea, Will County, Illinois, in the year 1843. Three racial strains met in him—Colonial Dutch on one side of the house, and German-French on the other. This unusual combination helps to explain his unique gifts. He had an amazing grasp of practical affairs, together with fine artistic taste. Few men indeed could by powerful command of pungent, forceful language dominate hard-boiled railway men and again upon occasion in a gathering of artists enter intelligently into their discussion of interests peculiar to themselves.

Referring again to his family history he disclaimed any special interest in his ancestry. He said, "I have been too busy all my life to cast a thought so far back as my grandfather." Yet those who knew him well felt that he was quietly proud of his forbears as he well might be. The women of the Van Horne family during the Revolutionary War were noted for their beauty and gracious hospitality. During that struggle their part of the county was repeatedly fought over and the family home entertained in turn officers of both

armies. Some embarrassment resulted from this in a time when partisan feeling ran high. His father was a lawyer who died while Van Horne was quite young. In 1914 he wrote as follows:

My father died when I was eleven years old, leaving a good name and a lot of accounts payable and some had accounts receivable. He was a lawyer who seldom took fees. I can remember him refusing payment for services not once but many times, when I felt sure that he had not a penny in his pocket. I could not understand it then, and I am not quite sure that I do now, but this occurred in a newly settled country where all were poor alike, and my father, perhaps, felt himself richer than the others because of having a mortgaged roof, while most of the others had hardly any roof at all.

However, there we were at his death with nothing—my mother, two brothers and two sisters, all younger than I. My mother was a noble woman, courageous and resourceful, and she managed to find bread—seldom butter—and to keep us at school until I was able to earn something—which I had to set about at fourteen.

As is clear from the above letter Van Horne had to go to work at fourteen years of age with the advantage of but little schooling. His first job was that of telegraph messenger. While engaged in this he used every opportunity to pick up telegraphy. He himself said that he learned telegraphy and poker; concerning the latter he expressed the view that it was not only a game but an education.

There are numerous stories to show that his ability as a business organizer showed itself at an early age. One such tale has to do with a panoramic exhibition which he and some chums rigged up under the general managership of Van Horne. Originally designed for the children it attracted adults, and when these appeared the admission price was promptly raised.

The two principal hobbies of his life also claimed his attention while he was still very young. The first of these was geology and the second art, more especially in the form of drawing and painting. As the story goes, when quite a lad he found in the creek near his home a black stone which attracted him by its brilliant color. To his disgust it lost its brilliancy when it dried out, but his mother showed him that it was a piece of slate he had picked up, and with this as his first implement he began his career as an amateur artist. His father's attention was so attracted by the cleverness of his sketches that he brought home for the lad some colored crayons. It is said that the walls of the home to the height the lad could reach were soon covered with the results of his artistic efforts. Surprisingly and characteristically his mother does not seem to have objected.

Concerning his other hobby he found one day a fossil which was described as a worm in a rock. So interested did he become that he is said to have spent one of the first twenty-five cent pieces he ever earned for paper on which he laboriously copied the text and illustrations of Hitchcock's "Elements". Naturally this process gave him a very complete mastery of the book.

Throughout his life he was an inveterate practical joker. During his later career as a railway official he had unlimited franking privileges over telegraph lines and so was able to prepare elaborate jokes on his friends. But some of his early efforts were perhaps never excelled; for example, as a young telegrapher he is said to have strung a ground wire to an iron plate in the yard in such a way as to provide an electric shock and surprise railway men. This game came to an inglorious end when the local superintendent got a shock. The result was that the young operator was bundled out neck and crop to hunt a new job. On another occasion he had as neighbor a clergyman of whom he was not especially fond. He planted a skunk cabbage at a strategic point and derived much pleasure from the disturbance it caused in the minds of the clergyman's family. Another rather more elaborate scheme was connected with his business as telegraph operator. His work in this field began during the Civil War, and according to the tale he one day circulated a circumstantial account of a Union victory which was duly celebrated in the small town, but proved to be a complete hoax. Until well on in life he seems never to have lost a certain boyishness which cropped up in all sorts of ways. His serious career as a railway man was entered upon at the age of twenty-five when he was appointed as superintendent of telegraphs with the Chicago and Alton of which road he presently became general manager. During his employment in the latter capacity he had to fight a strike which appears to have been dealt with in his characteristically vigorous fashion.

In 1868 he married a Miss Hurd. There were three children of the marriage, one of whom died at an early age. In passing it should be remarked that his family life seems to have been very happy as he was tremendously devoted to his wife as well as to his mother who made her home with them for many years.

One incident during his managership of the Chicago and Alton illustrates the fact that sometimes the tables may be turned on a practical joker. At this time there were many small railways in the United States and through traffic had to be secured by an elaborate system of connections with other roads. President Hayes was making a trip through the western states and Van Horne had secured the contract to pull the presidential train over his line. Desiring to do things up in style he arranged an elaborate dinner, with a well known Chicago chef and staff, to be served en route. The line was locked in order that the special would have clear right of way. While waiting at the terminal for the connecting train Van Horne heard a message on the wire which informed him that a rival road had stolen the president at the last minute. The message concluded, "Won't Van Horne be mad as hell!" However, the arrangement having been made the special train was run over the line in due form. A distinguished looking gentleman who accompanied Van Horne donned a Prince Albert coat and a plug hat and took the applause of the crowds assembled along the line to see the president. The two men ate the \$10,000 dinner. It was a long time before the last was heard of this joke.

Two other American roads claimed Van Horne's services, the Southern Minnesota and the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul. While in the service of the latter railroad he worked out many devices for increasing the efficiency of limited equipment in engines and rolling stock which were to prove valuable at a later time.

The most significant move in his career was made toward the close of the year 1881 when he came to Winnipeg as superintendent of construction on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Time will not permit nor would it serve any useful purpose to deal with the story of the Canadian Pacific enterprise to that time. The Confederation bargain bound the new dominion to build a railroad to British Columbia in a specified time. Various governments had attempted to implement the pledge. A good deal of money had been spent and several momentous political battles had been fought in connection with the undertaking, but it was still far from an accomplished fact. Casting about for a way out of these difficulties after the election of 1878, Sir John A. Macdonald consulted some of the outstanding railway men of the time among whom were James J. Hill and his associates. Mr. Hill, who was at that time connected with the C.P.R., recommended Van Horne very strongly saying in effect, "He can do the job if any man can, but I warn you he will take all the authority you will give him and more. So define his powers strongly before you take him on". Events proved that this statement was more than justified. After a preliminary trip to look things over Van Horne burned his bridges in the United States and on December 31st, 1881, arrived in Winnipeg to take control. The following quotation from a letter written by Mr. J. H. E. Secretan, the locating engineer, shows clearly that his reception was a cool one:

Van Horne was a great man with a gigantic intellect, a generous soul, and an enormous capacity both for food and work . . . but we did not like him when he first came to Winnipeg as General Boss of Everybody and Everything. His ways were not our ways, and he did not hesitate to let us know what he thought of us . . . At first he had little use for our Englishmen and Canadians, especially the engineers, and he told me once, "If I could only teach a sectionman to run a transit, I wouldn't have a single damn engineer about the place".

He was regarded as a Yankee come to show the Britishers how to do things, but before long his new associates discovered the calibre of the man, and he soon won their cordial support and co-operation. One of his first moves was to secure as part of the railway organization the franchises for the express, dining and sleeping car services. In the United States these profitable side lines were held by independent companies. The new manager of the C.P.R. announced that he proposed to keep control of them on any railway under his direction.

Another immediate decision had to be made regarding the location of the western section of the C.P.R. The original survey had located the line a considerable distance north of the boundary passing along the route later followed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and the

Canadian Northern surveys through the Yellow Head Pass. Van Horne was afraid of an invasion by the Hill interests if such a wide strip of territory were left vacant between the C.P.R. and the international boundary. He had a high regard for J. J. Hill's ability from previous association and knew the competition he might expect. The Hill interests planned that the western section of the C.P.R. should tie in with their lines in the United States and so become virtually a feeder for them. But this was not Van Horne's idea. He threw all his weight and influence behind the scheme for an all Canadian railway independent of American connections and was successful in having the idea accepted. The momentous decision was made in favour of the Kicking Horse Pass on the chance that a practicable way could be found through the mountains in that direction. Actually the grading was completed practically to Calgary before Rogers' Pass was located. Even this route began to leave a dangerously wide strip between the main line and the boundary as it approached the mountains. Subsidiary organizations were set up to take care of this situation by the building at a little later date of the Lethbridge and Crow's Nest line which was finally incorporated in the C.P.R. system. From the announcement of this new policy as to route there was a decided coolness in business relationships between Van Horne and his former associate, J. J. Hill. It is interesting to note in passing the curious situation arising between these two men. Mr. Hill was a Canadian railroading in the United States, and Van Horne was a down east Yankee who had cast in his business lot with a Canadian enterprise. Each was a railway man, first, last and all the time, and gave unswerving loyalty to the enterprises with which he was connected.

Some of the best stories connected with Van Horne had to do with the engineering problems arising in construction between Calgary and the coast. From the first he saw that time was the essence of the business if the enterprise were to have any hope of success. Consequently every effort was bent toward the early completion of the road. It is said that his locating engineer brought him a plan which included a mud tunnel just west of Calgary. His first question was, "How long will this tunnel take to complete?" The reply was, "One and one half years". As the story goes the comments were of a blistering intensity. "Do you think we are going to hold up our programme while you get your —— tunnel made; you will have to take it out". As the engineer was leaving the office, he turned to Van Horne and said, "The rivers do not run right for us, and one or two of the mountains are in the way. Shall we move them around too?" The incident closed with the president indulging in a good laugh. A way round was found by a Scottish engineer.

Then there is the story of Major Rogers who located the Rogers' Pass when he and his companion had been reduced to their last slice of bacon and mess of beans. Rogers was a Yale graduate and a brilliant engineer who is described as "one who loved solitude, poetry and tobacco in all its varied forms, and who explored for the joy of exploring and not for any material gains". According to the Am-

erican custom he was given a cheque for \$5,000 in recognition of his work. A year later Van Horne on meeting him reminded him that the cheque had not been cashed. "What!" exclaimed the Major. "Cash that cheque? I would not take \$100,000 for it. It is framed and hangs in my brother's house in Waterville, Minnesota, where my nephews and nieces can see it. I'm not here for money!"

The route having been decided upon the next question was could the enterprise be kept afloat until the railway was completed and in a position to earn revenue. Van Horne bent every effort to rushing construction in order to avoid bankruptcy of the scheme before its completion. According to his "five year plan" the date for completion was set for 1886. By an almost superhuman feat of organization and application of driving force over 500 miles were built during the summer of 1882. Such an achievement was more remarkable when we remember that all supplies and construction material had to be pulled forward over the line itself as it was laid down, nothing being available from the country passed through. A similar situation at a later date was faced in the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the cost figures of that construction are an eloquent commentary on the problem faced by the C.P.R.

It was clear to Van Horne that the only hope of salvation was speed and by 1886 the railroad was actually in full operation. Even while construction was in progress a vigorous policy in promoting traffic was adopted. Even buffalo bones were collected and shipped in an effort to create traffic. A policy in promoting settlement by providing seed grain and foundation live stock was followed and soon the available facilities were taxed. An interesting story showing another side of the general manager's character emerges here during these early years when one of those bumper crops occurred. The grain dealers were offering the farmers 35 cents a bushel for wheat. Van Horne was naturally furious. He instructed the railway agents to pay 50 cents a bushel for wheat. As a consequence wheat piled up at every siding and the familiar "car shortage" cry was raised. Turning the tables on the critics he had photographs taken of the grain piling up and circulated them far and wide to show the fertility and productiveness of the new west.

All during this period with boundless energy Van Horne was here, there and wherever his presence was likely to be of help. His methods are illustrated by his own words, "If," he said, "you want anything done, name the day when it must be finished. If I order a thing done in a specified time and the man to whom I give that order says it is impossible to carry it out—then he must go." He never hesitated to dismiss anyone whose work was inefficient. The impression made on an observer is illustrated by the following extract from the Winnipeg Sun:

Van Horne is calm and harmless-looking. So is a she-mule, and so is a buzz-saw. You don't know their true inwardness until you go up and feed them. To see Van Horne get out of the car and go softly up the platform you would think

he was an evangelist on his way west to preach temperance to the Mounted Police. But you are soon undeceived. If you are within hearing distance, you will have more fun than you ever had in your life before.

So much for some of the problems in the field. In coping with them Van Horne was at his best and always happy. There was, however, another side to the enterprise which was much less to his taste. This had to do with the financing. Throughout the entire history of these early days the new railroad was subjected to a constant series of bitter attacks on the financial and political fronts. The Grand Trunk railway centring on Chicago and at that time dominating the railroad field in eastern Canada was uncompromising in attempts to hamper the Canadian railroad programme in every possible way. Sir John A. Macdonald who was above everything a consummate politician was very sensitive to public opinion. Some of the bitterest critics and opponents were found among his political friends as well as enemies. The original provisions for financing the C.P.R. were found inadequate. At various times the whole scheme trembled on the verge of bankruptcy. Money simply had to be raised. It was fortunate that associated with the directors were two men of large private fortune, the late Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona, then Sir Donald Smith. Both of these men had wide connections in the Old Country and great influence with financiers. Time and again their personal credit was all that stood in the way of disaster. In spite of their efforts it was necessary on different occasions for the government to come forward with advances in the form of cash or guarantees. Naturally political difficulties arose. There were times when it was almost impossible to get the necessary support from the astute premier. On one occasion, so the story goes, when matters were exceedingly critical Van Horne cornered Sir John A. Macdonald and made this characteristic statement, "Sir John, you and we are balancing on the brink of hell". Sir John replied, "I hope not. I don't want to go yet". Fortunately, however, when matters had reached a desperate pass, the necessary advances were forthcoming and the enterprise was saved. Rarely indeed has there been such a combination of outstanding practical ability as shown by the superintendent of construction in the field and able and loyal support by colleagues on the financial side as shown by the work of Lord Mountstephen and Sir Donald Smith.

The somewhat wavering support at critical times of the government was turned to cordial appreciation by the achievement of transporting troops during the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885. When the rebellion broke out Van Horne was asked what he could do in moving troops to the west. He undertook if forty-eight hours' notice were given to move troops from Ottawa to Fort Qu'Appelle in eleven or twelve days. The stipulation was that he must have a free hand and full control of the commissariat. There were gaps of about one hundred miles in the Lake Superior section. These were bridged by brigades of teams and the remarkable skill with which the whole undertaking was carried through called for a special report on the part of the German military authorities, so impressed were they by

what had been accomplished. The difficulties of moving the small expedition of General Wolseley in 1870 were fresh in the minds of all. The strategic significance of the Canadian Pacific was at once appreciated. The hands of the government were consequently enormously strengthened. Another sidelight on the general manager's character is afforded by an incident related during the period of financial difficulty. Canadian Pacific stock had fallen very low. A friend asked Van Horne's advice about selling his stock. The reply he got was, "Go sell your boots and buy C.P.R. stock".

The road having been completed and put in operation the next thing was to develop its traffic and consolidate its position by securing branch lines east and west. From the very first, courtesy and service were insisted upon. Van Horne himself loved personal comfort and good food. He reasoned, therefore, that there were many others with similar tastes. It is related of him that early in his career in the United States he would sometimes wire ahead to have two or three chicken dinners prepared which he would himself eat on arrival. The following advertisement is accordingly quite understandable:

PARISIAN POLITENESS

On the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"HOW HIGH WE LIVE", SAID THE DUKE TO THE PRINCE

On the Canadian Pacific Railway.

and

GRUB GALORE

On the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Some of this recalls the days when an order of roast beef on a C.P.R. dining car did not produce the paper-like slices which are now presented. He also sought to capitalize the scenic attractions as is shown in the following head:

BY THUNDER!

Bay Passes the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Sleeping car berths on the new system were built wider and longer than had ever been the case before. Railway officials such as conductors who came in contact with the public were impressed with what is now a truism—the idea that the customer is always right.

The struggle for developing connections and consolidation of the system generally was part of the work which Van Horne did not especially enjoy. However, in time it was accomplished. Branch lines were built, leases were acquired or working arrangements with other railroads were completed. By the year 1900 the C.P.R. had entry into almost every important centre in Canada both east and west and to many important railway points in the United States as well. Van Horne had one bitter disappointment during this time. He wished to obtain control of a short line connecting the Minnesota

iron fields with Lake Superior. He was, however, checkmated by the activity of the Hill interests and the lukewarm support of his own associates. Meanwhile his outstanding achievements brought attractive offers and honors. Repeatedly he was asked to return to lucrative positions in the United States. These he consistently declined. In 1888 he was appointed president of the C.P.R. In 1894 he was knighted. Finally in 1889 he resigned from the C.P.R. to be succeeded by his able lieutenant, Mr. Shaughnessy. Like many other men of great activity he had dreamed of a holiday to be spent in the leisurely pursuit of his hobbies. He had become much interested in Japanese pottery and had, of course, maintained his lifelong interest in painting. He soon discovered, however, that he had the wrong sort of apprenticeship for a life of leisure even though he had resigned from his most important position. Very soon we find him interested in railway development in Cuba. Here he found a problem entirely to his liking. Following the Spanish-American war Cuba was for some years under what amounted to practically military rule. Transportation was, however, desperately needed. Under the conditions prevailing it was impossible to get a railway charter of the sort required. By ingenious contriving Van Horne was able to get around the difficulties and to give Cuba a railroad which was virtually a counterpart in that country of the C.P.R. in Canada. He found great delight in the enterprise and earned the warm gratitude of the Cuban people. He felt very strongly that the Cubans were not appreciated as they deserved. So keen was their appreciation of his personal worth that it is stated that on the occasion of his death he was honored throughout that country in a manner similar to the treatment accorded high dignitaries of church and state.

His closing years, 1902 to 1915, were spent in attending to multifarious interests in which he became involved having to do with industrial developments of many kinds and in the further pursuit of painting and art collecting. Distinguished men from all parts of the world enjoyed his hospitality. These ranged from Li Hung Chang to Rudyard Kipling. He tried especially to entertain artists and even this late in life his propensity for practical jokes is shown. According to a current story he intrigued the interest of some artist friends by telling of a painting of apparently obscure origin but which he suspected to be the work of an old master. Finally it was arranged to have a dinner at his house where the painting might be inspected. After a great deal of discussion the majority finally agreed on the name of the painter to whom it should be credited. The climax was reached with Van Horne's statement to the effect, "That is very interesting indeed to me, because when I invited you to dinner the other day this particular picture had not been painted. I did it myself and it is a Van Horne."

His closing days were darkened by the shadow of the Great War. He had never been a pacifist; on the contrary he had inclined to the view that war is a biological necessity. However, as the event unrolled the prodigious waste and suffering involved bore down upon him very heavily. He bent every energy to assisting in the various

patriotic endeavours. Finally his vigorous health broke down. The restrictions of his regime as a patient irked him tremendously. He had been a tremendous smoker all his life. His whimsical evasion of the doctor's orders that he limit himself to three cigars a day shows a flash of the old spirit for practical joking. He is said to have arranged with the local cigar maker to provide him with cigars about one foot long and an inch in thickness, three of which comprised his day's ration. His illness culminated in an operation for the relief of an internal abscess. From this he never recovered, and on September 11, 1915, the wires flashed the news around the world "Van Horne is dead". One of his last remarks was thoroughly characteristic, "When I think of all I could do I should like to live for 500 years."

The remains were carried in state across the country in the old private car, "Saskatchewan". He was taken back to Joliet, the old family home and laid to rest beside his wife.

The following tribute by George Tate Blackstock, K.C., famous Toronto lawyer, sums up the estimate of his contemporaries:

Canadians, even today, have no realization of the work he did or of what they owe him. He was a Napoleonic master of men, and the fertility of his genius and resource were boundless, as were the skill and force with which he brought his conceptions to realities. Alongside these mighty powers lay a lot of intellectual playgrounds in which he took his recreation and amusement—such as painting, the collection of works of art, porcelain, etc., and his sleight-of-hand and trick playing. In fact, there was nothing that he saw which did not interest him and to which he did not apply himself to some extent.

To all this was added a noble simplicity of character, inexhaustible good humour, great kindness and an almost boyish enthusiasm and love of tricks and pranks of a thoroughly innocent and amusing character. There was nothing mean or sordid or selfish in him. He was large-hearted and whole-souled throughout, and a man calculated to inspire enthusiastic affection and devotion from all who came within the ambit of his charm and fascinating powers.

The great central zone of Sir William was his insatiable appetite for work, the vigour and enthusiasm with which he would throw himself into it, and the stupendous virility of his conceptions and exertions. Only those who sat alongside of him day after day and saw the great brain that worked and the magnificent textures that passed out from the busy looms will ever know what a mighty man he was.

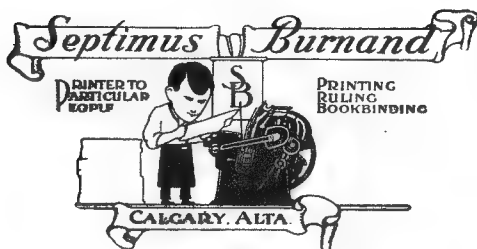
Age could not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. The freshness and vivacity of his mind, its spring and elasticity and capacity to meet every emergency, were wonderful to behold. Faults, indeed, he had, as who has not? Some of his sweeping statements and magnificent generalizations wore traces at times of exaggeration, but they were not the exaggerations of impotence, but of majesty and power which saw beyond the ken of other men and sometimes even beyond himself.

And a tribute from a contemporary poet (Barry Dane) appropriately closes my lame attempt in this somewhat rambling talk to-

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

ward an appreciation of one of the great figures in Canadian history:

Where shall those feet tread on the unknown way
That here explored, untiring, our dull sod?
What shall that mind discover and survey
Upon the illimitable fields of God?
Must we not feel that swift from star to star,
From station unto station, that great soul—
An emigrant—shall reach from worlds afar,
Through wide-flung portals, Being's perfect goal?



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any member.

The Earl of Birkenhead

"Faber Fortunae Suae"

By Lieut. Col. John W. Hugill, K.C., D.C.L. (*Brigade Major, 24th Infantry Brigade*).

IN the fascinating account of the life of F. E. Smith by "Ephesian" it is related that one of the Governors of the Birkenhead School said to a friend one day, "We have the cleverest boy in England at Birkenhead; his name is F. E. Smith. Watch him!"

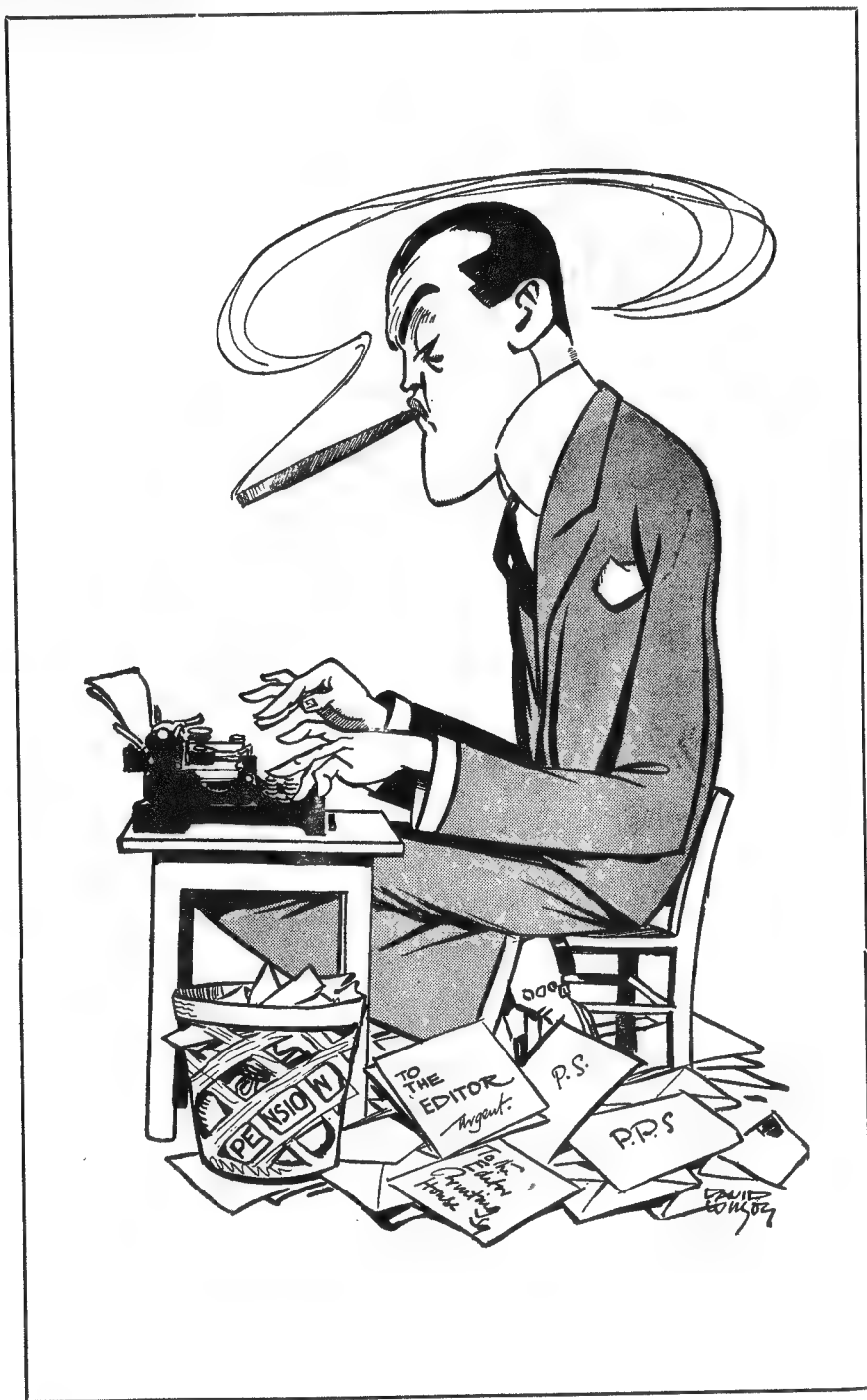
A classical scholarship at Wadham College—President of the Oxford Union—honours in law—The youngest King's Counsel and Bencher of Gray's Inn of his time. The youngest Lord High Chancellor of modern times—Solicitor General—Attorney General—Rector of Glasgow University—High Steward of Oxford University—Secretary of State for India. Elected Member of Parliament for the Walton Division 1906 (holding the seat for 13 years). Knighted in 1915—created a Baronet in 1918—raised to the Peerage in 1919, and created Earl of Birkenhead in 1922. All this within the comparatively short span of 58 years.

There is an irresistible glamour in such a career—one of the most remarkable in modern times. The predominant impression cannot fail to be one of dazzling personal success. The late Premier Asquith dubbed him "the best all round brain in Britain" and it is generally conceded that F. E.'s brain was one of the most trenchant minds of his day and generation.

"Ephesian" refers to the polished latinism "*Faber meae fortunae*" (The Smith of my own Fortune) on the arms of the new Baron as eminently characteristic of one who, starting with nothing but supreme confidence in his own intellectual powers and unflagging courage in employing those powers, fought hard and achieved so much.

He regarded life as an adventure and pursued the business of living with great gusto. Burning the candle at both ends with unflinching dash and gaiety he was known at Oxford as "Don't care Smith".

"If I should attempt to exhaust the list of the incomparable 'Smiths' who have enriched our national life I should exhaust your patience", were the opening remarks to a distinguished gathering on this continent. (Oliver Wendell Holmes is much quoted re F. E. "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith").



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As a Yeomanry officer F. E. Smith was mobilized in August, 1914. He was summoned on August 8th by Lord Kitchener and Mr. Winston Churchill to undertake the formidable task of establishing a Press Bureau. The work we may well imagine was "most difficult, most thankless, and most unwelcome". After spending some seven weeks organizing the Bureau he was able to leave for active service at the Front as Intelligence officer to the Indian Corps in France.

We are told that soon after he left London a case in which he should have appeared was called in the Law Courts. "My friend, who was Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., and is now Major F. E. Smith, was briefed in this case", explained counsel to Mr. Justice Darling. "I should think he is **General** F. E. Smith by now", commented the Judge pleasantly.

He had, however, risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel before being recalled to London to become Attorney General.

The General commanding the Corps has put on record his impression. "F. E. is a keen soldier at heart. He is a resolute man, who, if he had started as a soldier, would assuredly have risen high". It is interesting to know that F. E.'s father, Frederick Smith, was a sergeant-major on active service in India for a number of years prior to purchasing his discharge and winning his way to a successful career at the Bar of England and an enviable reputation as a public speaker.

As Director of the Press Bureau Smith was in constant touch with the Minister of War. Lord Kitchener, it is related, more than once said to his intimates, "F. E. has been a comfort again in Cabinet today".

Smith's affectionate loyalty to his friends was always one of his most admirable traits and there is no doubt that he felt Kitchener's death deeply. I commend to you his essay upon Lord Esher's "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener" which you will find in Vol. I of Essays entitled "Points of View". It is said no finer memorial to the dead soldier has been written than the last sentences of this essay.

We cannot do better than take leave of the great man of whom he writes at this moment of glittering triumph. Not ours to follow him months later into the northern mists, whence, with the loyal and chivalrous Fitzgerald, he voyaged, still for England, upon the last journey of all. Who knows what pictures raced through that driven brain in the dreadful moment of realized doom? Many, I suspect, of the fierce blue skies and scorching deserts of the East; some, perhaps, of Broome and the roses, where never should be pleasance for their master; most of all, be sure, of that England which he steadfastly and ardently loved . . . and then the black icy

breakers of the Western Orkneys and a great
and valiant heart extinguished for ever."

The Trumpet's silver sound is still,
The Warder silent on the hill.

* * * *

The Battle of Le Cateau is referred to by Smith as having perversely become one of the most controversial events of the war. Succinctly stated, "the sole question is whether the facts were such that, on the clear principles governing the conduct of a retreat, the stand should have been made".

This masterly analysis of the events is to be found in the same volume above alluded to and will well repay study in relation to F. S. R. Vol. 1, Chap. 12 (p. 150).

The decision to fight which led to the Battle of Le Cateau was a serious responsibility, but no British soldier who is faced with the alternative of retreating and being dispersed or of fighting could possibly hesitate. The risk was great, but the infamy of shirking responsibility would have been eternal. (p. 147). "If success is the test of military operations, the offer of battle was abundantly justified".

We are reminded of the C in C's recorded impressions at the time in his contemporary dispatch.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a Commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operations.

The concluding paragraph of this essay (p. 150) will, I am sure, commend itself to this gathering.

The censures which Lord French has now thought it right to pass upon General Smith-Dorrien in his book are not likely to be accepted by the historian of these critical days. The Field-Marshal would, indeed, have acted more wisely, as well as more generously, if he had adhered to the tribute which I have quoted above—in itself no way excessive—to an accomplished and imperturbable soldier.

* * * *

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In addition to his many onerous duties as a law officer of the Crown and Member of the Cabinet during all the critical years of the Great War, Smith had his military legal work to perform. Lord Kitchener had asked him to review such court martial proceedings as came before him on appeal to the highest authority. For every one that the Secretary of State in pre-War days had to read in a month, Smith was now confronted with at least eighty, reviewing in all many thousands of cases until his appointment as Lord Chancellor.

Smith's Essay on "Courts Martial" to be found in Vol. 2 "Points of View" I suggest should be read by all militia officers.

The following letter was addressed to him by the War Office on August 7, 1919:—

My Lord:

I am commanded by the Army Council to place on record, on the occasion of the termination of the War just concluded, an expression of their cordial thanks for the service you have rendered in connection with the legal work of the Army, and especially the revisions of findings and sentences of Military Courts-Martial, a duty which, in addition to your other heavy work, you have undertaken for a period of four and a half years on behalf of five successive Secretaries of State for War.

In the course of that time you have given decisions in many thousands of cases—a task the performance of which the Council know to have required much time and careful attention in the difficult and entirely unprecedented circumstances created by the enormous expansion of the Army to include the majority of the able-bodied manhood of this country, of the most widely varying types, serving under completely novel conditions, and, unlike the old Regular Forces, with but little experience of Army discipline or much appreciation of its supreme importance.

In such circumstances, while maintaining the main principles of military law and standardizing the decisions of the military tribunals, your influence was always exercised on the side of humanity, and the Council trust that the successful result of your work will be to you, as it is to them, a source of considerable satisfaction.

The department for which, in those anxious times, Smith was responsible had worked with such smoothness that it was the only great department of State which had never consumed even five minutes' time of the War Cabinet.

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It is suggested by "Ephesian" that Lord Birkenhead's speeches were inspired by a curiously unfamiliar poem of Tennyson (The Third of February). Two lines are apt when one reads of the barbs shot at the nearest hallowed personalities.

"It was our ancient privilege, my Lords
To fling what'er we felt, not fearing, into words."

His remarks became classics; e.g. his famous comment on the Bonar Law Ministry of 1923.

They remind me of what Wellington said of his Generals, "I don't know whether they will frighten the enemy but, by God! they frighten me!"

These other lines from the same poem:—

"But some love England and her honour yet,
And these in our Thermopylae shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land."

So often present in his thought indicate the objective of the man.

The tribute of the Right Honourable Winston Churchill expresses most fittingly our national loss:—

Lord Birkenhead has been my greatest friend for nearly a quarter of a century.

He was the most loyal, faithful, valiant friend any man could have, and a wise, learned, delightful companion.

These are times when he is needed most. His deeply founded sympathy, his keen, courageous mind, his experience and understanding, his massive system of conclusions, his intellectual independence, and his knowledge of all grave issues now pending, make his death at this moment a national impoverishment. His life has closed in the years when he might have made his greatest contribution to the fortunes of this England he loved so well.

The Spanish Revolution as I Saw It

By W. M. Davidson.

I REALIZE when I begin this address with the trite observation that this is an age of change and revolution, I am making a very commonplace remark. It seems to me, however, that we do not fully appreciate the magnitude of the changes that are being made throughout the world. Take Europe alone. In the last fifteen years seven thrones, well established for centuries, have been over-turned and fourteen republics of vastly different intentions and ideals have arisen out of the wreckage. You who were in England in the beginning of this century, on returning there a year or two ago, would have remarked without exaggeration that there had been a revolution in the motherland, so great have been the changes, social, industrial and political. If any person in 1901 or even in 1911 had made the prediction that in an election in England in 1931, the leader of the Government party would be a socialist and the leader of the opposition party would be a socialist—well, I do not know what kind of an institution people would have placed him in, if he had made what would have then seemed such a wild forecast.

There have been similar changes in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and other countries in Europe, but that is not the sort of revolution to which I am referring in the calculation I have just made. I am including in that only countries where thrones have fallen, where there have been such fundamental changes in the forms of government or moves from democracy to dictatorship. Eighty per cent. of the people of Europe have taken part in some form or other of revolutions of this sort in the last fifteen years.

I am considering tonight, more in detail, the revolution in Spain for two reasons; that it was the last revolution and because I happened to be present at the outbreak, or perhaps I should say at the climax.

Alfonso XIII, born a king—a posthumous child—had been reigning for forty-six years—a longer reign than any other living monarch in Europe. He was partly of Bourbon and partly of Hapsburg ancestry and his family had been on the throne of Spain for 400 years, except for brief intervals. Some of his predecessors were capable, some were corrupt; two were insane; and most of the others were just plain, dull and stupid. Alfonso himself was not insane. He was not notoriously corrupt. He was neither dull nor stupid and was a little above the average of Spanish kings. He was dethroned on April 14, without much outward disturbance. He has remained in exile ever since. Although he gave some assurance to the Spanish people that if they voted against him in the national election in June

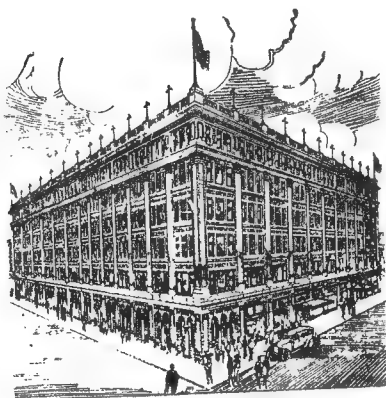
he would abdicate, he has not done so yet. That in brief is the story of the Spanish revolution.

I returned from Spain to Canada by way of Barcelona and Gibraltar through the Panama Canal. I was fortunate in having as fellow passenger, a professor from the University of Barcelona. During our five weeks voyage he outlined in some detail the causes leading up to the Spanish revolution. I propose for the next few minutes to stand aside and let him tell the story of the development of affairs in Spain through the troubled centuries, much as he told them to me.

The professor began something like this. The revolution in Spain began about 300 years ago. In the fifteenth century, Spain was the greatest nation in the world—greatest commercially, greatest politically, greatest intellectually, and in every way the leader in the world. Spanish kings were so strong then that they dictated even to the Pope. One hundred years later, at about the time of Philip IV, Spain began to lose its leadership. The Spanish people, a proud race who love liberty, looked with some alarm and humiliation as the Spanish nation lost its preeminence.

There should have been a change, the professor explained, at the early part of the 19th century, when the fortunes of Spain were at the lowest point, when it was cursed by the weakest ruler with which even Spain had been inflicted, during the reign of Charles IV and his harlot wife Maria Luise, mistress of most of the grandees of Spain. This was about the time of the Peninsular war when Napoleon was making and dictating and changing the nations of Europe. Spain did react against the overlordship of France, but there was no revolution. Later in the century, when Spain was losing its South American colonies, there should have been a revolution, for the Spanish people were sorely displeased and grievously humiliated. There should have been a revolution after the unsuccessful war with the United States. The Spanish people now declare and are firm in their belief that the defeat of Spain was due to the corruption and treachery of the Spanish officers, rather than of any successful military conduct of the victors.

The professor explained that the people of Spain had three special grievances against Alfonso. The first personal grievance was associated with a serious mistake that Alfonso made during the war in Morocco. He interfered, went over the heads of the general in charge, gave the order to take action to an inferior officer, which order, when obeyed, ended in most terrible disaster. The king's interference has never been proved completely but I am telling you what the Spanish people believe. When the action of the king was to be reviewed by parliament, then he made the next move, and supported a dictator and in that way avoided the investigation which would have revealed his terrible mistake. The disaster was a very serious one, and representatives of the best families in every part of Spain were killed by this humiliating reverse. That is the first grievance.



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The second grievance is that Alfonso took advantage of the dictatorship to enrich himself. He was directly interested, they say, in many concessions which the dictator granted to certain companies and he became very wealthy. That has not been clearly proven. There was a censorship of the press during much of the time, and nothing very clearly was revealed.

The third grievance was quite a different one. The people are very religious, and there are certain sins which they regard with horror. One of these sins is that of perjury, particularly if the oath was made in particularly spectacular or unusually solemn manner. When Alfonso emerged from the regency and became king in fact, the ceremony was staged in very dramatic manner, and the young king, before a vast multitude, placed his hand on the holy gospels and swore "by the Lord and the Holy Gospels that I will observe the law and the Constitution". The Spanish people say that when Alfonso abandoned the constitution, disbanded parliament and set up a dictatorship, he violated the Constitution.

These are the three serious personal grievances the Spanish people had against their former king. About a year and a half ago, the people became so active in their opposition to the dictator, who had quarrelled with the army officers who were his only friends, that Alfonso was forced to dispense with him. The king had not the courage nor the wisdom to replace him, and had to face the discontented Spanish people himself.

We arrived at Barcelona on Saturday evening, April 11, and the election was held on the following day. It was apparently a very peaceful event. I noticed that the city was placarded from one end to the other with election appeals. The placards were on the walls, on the posts, and the doors. Now there was no reason why a municipal election in Spain should have any influence on a national government, than that the city election in Calgary should have an influence upon our federal administration, except for this one fact. All parties seemed to have decided that there would be a test in these municipal elections of the feeling of the people upon the question of monarchy or republic. On the appeals you would see that in every ward in Barcelona, there was a straight fight on the principle, the Liberals and Conservatives uniting on one set of candidates, are the Republicans, Socialists and other parties opposing the monarchy uniting on another set of candidates.

When I got up the following morning I learned that the Barcelona vote had been strongly in favor of a republic. The report that soon came in from Madrid was even more surprising because it was quite as overwhelmingly in favor of the republican parties.

We travelled from Barcelona to Saragossa on April 14. Saragossa is the old capital of Aragon, about half way between Barcelona and Madrid, not exactly off the beaten path but a place where many tourists travelling through Spain do not go, but which attracted us

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because of its two very beautiful Gothic cathedrals in which we were interested. When we left Barcelona, nothing seemed to have happened, but when we reached Saragossa, we knew that something unusual had occurred. There were no porters at the trains. There were no taxis on the streets. The trains had stopped, and in the outskirts of the city, there were very few signs of life. Before we reached our hotel we saw the crowds collecting in the streets, and other very evident signs of great excitement and turmoil. As we had registered at the hotel I said to my wife that we had surely met the most evil fate. Here we were, newspaper people, in the midst of the greatest news that had ever broken near us, or that ever would break for us, and it was lost to us, because we did not know the language in which it was breaking.

Then something amazing happened, some unexpected visitation which every traveller sometimes experiences usually in the most surprising occasions. A man came, as if out of the blue, and speaking almost perfect English said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Davidson, and how is The Calgary Albertan?" After the first salutation with a word of what was happening, he suggested that we might be of service to him by appraising the \$15,000 of Alberta oil stock which he owned, about which he had heard nothing since he left Calgary in 1918. I have found out their value since then and I regret that they are not worth \$15,000. After that we were fairly close to the inside of the Spanish revolution.

That was on Tuesday, the day of Proclamation, which of course was a holiday. In Spain a holiday is a holiday when every form of activity ceases and even the movies and the wine shops close. The demonstration was one of wild, hilarious excitement with hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of people taking part. There was all manner of parades and the three flags, the Republican flag of yellow, red and purple; the Socialist red flag and the Students gold flag were waving everywhere. The Republic had been proclaimed, and no person knew much of what was going on. The newspapers were closed and the bulletins that they showed now and then were not very complete or authoritative. Some said that the king had fled, others heard that the king was about to flee, and still others who learned that he had decided not to flee at all, but to sit tight and face the people. No person seemed much worried about what the king had decided to do. The demonstration continued all night.

On the following morning we learned that the king had left Madrid, but there was still much uncertainty about what the army would do. That was what worried the Spanish people, but if any Spanish person had the slightest worry that showed on his countenance, I did not see him. At any rate the new Spanish government had decided, as its first move, to have a day of celebration. I asked if there had been no celebration on the previous day, and my informants replied that the demonstration then had been merely one of rather orderly Proclamation but the celebration would indicate the real feelings of the people. The day of celebration was a continuation

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of the day of Proclamation, but with more enthusiasm, if that were possible. Shortly after noon the soldiers about whose loyalty to a republic there had been some doubt, joined in the demonstration, which made the joy complete.

I went on to Madrid the following day and learned that the demonstration had been quite as enthusiastic there as in any part of Spain. We remained in Madrid for several days. The excitement became less and Spain was apparently becoming normal once more. Then we visited the south of Spain—Grenada, Toledo, Seville, Cordova and other places, and rather forgot that there had been a revolution.

On our return to Madrid a few weeks later I seemed to feel an ominous silence which I could not explain, which indicated something more serious in the future. There was some criticism of the new Republican government from sources that were quite unexpected, mostly to the effect that the administration was fraternizing with the Royalists. Some people could not believe that what had occurred was sufficiently like a real revolution. Some newspapers declared that the Government was too soft, and when Alfonso from across the border in France made a peaceful gesture, which he did at this time, the Government seemed to be throwing kisses to him in return. The Royalists, of whom there were a few, took heart and proceeded to organize for the approaching national election, which both displeased and alarmed the Republicans.

I saw something of the beginning of this campaign of violence which lasted for two days in Madrid and spread in a somewhat disorganized manner throughout the new Republic, which resulted in the destruction of much church property and in a few deaths. The Royalists started the trouble in Madrid by making a demonstration in a public place one Sunday morning. The Socialists took up the challenge and began a more extensive demonstration, destroying during that day, the leading Royalist newspaper in Madrid, and committing other forms of violence.

The extreme Socialists then brought on a general strike in Madrid, and after waiting on the government and securing some promises, proceeded on their own account to wreak their vengeance on the more notorious anti-Republicans. There did not seem to be much organization about it, or any deep laid plan behind it. Small bands of incendiaries equipped with petrol cans and inflammable material did the work. They first called at the Jesuit monastery. The Jesuits are most unpopular of all church organizations in Spain. It was a small band of assailants and if the monks had acted like their predecessors of the Middle Ages, they would have armed themselves with what was convenient and gone out and driven off the assailants and saved the property. They showed they were not made of such stern stuff, secured some civilian clothes, disguised themselves and escaped in the crowd, leaving the buildings to their fate. It was a cheerful and curious crowd that collected to watch the convents and monasteries

burn. They were quite unconcerned about the fate of the buildings. The fire brigade was next on the scene but the firemen could not get into action because of the crowds which blocked their way, and their business was to fight fires and not to fight crowds which intervened. So the crowds and the firemen together watched the buildings go up in smoke. The police arrived next, but they too were quite unconcerned. They had received instructions, I was informed, that in case of a collision between the church and the people, which was not unexpected, they should not be too rough with the people, and they lived up to the instructions and joined the people and the firemen watching the conflagration. When one monastery was destroyed the incendiaries took up their equipment and moved on to the next monastery, and went through the programme again. The assailants did not increase but the spectators made up a vast audience of many thousands.

There was one variation from this programme, as I saw it. When the incendiaries drew up in front of a convent, which had gained the support of women in the district whom it had served very well, they found a solid defence of the women of the place, armed with brooms and other such weapons prepared for action. The assailants did not come to grips but seeing what they were lined up against, retreated and marched on to the next place.

I shall tell you of one personal incident. I was in the Puerta del Sol, which is the heart of Madrid, one of the most famous squares in the world. I found there a kiosk at which English newspapers were sold and these papers were in very great demand. While we were standing in the kiosk somewhat impatiently waiting the conclusions of the negotiations with the news vendor who was under some mental strain in computing the charges on four or five newspapers purchased at one time, I noticed a man stride out on a balcony not far away, and read in a loud and impressive voice, something which I could not understand. Immediately a band of soldiers responded from somewhere, advancing directly towards us with fixed bayonets at a rapid gait, and with very determined countenances. They were coming directly at us, and I was beginning to wonder what our fate would be, when they suddenly swung about in another direction, and nothing happened to us. I learned later that the Minister of War had come out on the balcony of the War Office and read the Riot Act and the soldiers had set out, about two days late I judge, to stop the attack upon the churches. That ended the campaign of incendiarism in Madrid, but it broke out spasmodically throughout Spain during the next week.

The report was circulated abroad that the attack had been inspired by the Communists. I do not think that is correct. The Communist party is not well organized in Spain and the Communists had no part of any kind in the revolution.

Since that time the Republican Government seems to have been doing very well. At present the elected representatives are busily

engaged in framing a constitution which they are doing in rather leisurely fashion after the manner of Spain.

I have frequently been asked since my return if the Republic will endure. I see no reason to believe that it will not endure. There is no considerable section of people who would risk their lives to bring Alfonso back to the throne. Very few would in any way profit by such a change. The present Government, I judge, with its wide variety of parties represented, with the President a Conservative and only a recent convert to Republicanism, and many different brands of Socialists, will not last very long. But it will be replaced by another administration and the Republic will continue.

There are some difficult problems for the new Republic. The people are expecting too much. Many of the unemployed believed with the King gone, they would get work at once, and are disappointed because they are still without it. There is a serious lack of leaders in Spain. I do not know if the best and most capable leader in the world could get much of a following among the Spanish people.

The depression hangs heavily upon the Spanish. Even in the days of prosperity there are always hundreds of thousands of people on the verge of destitution.

On the other hand there is, as I said, no large body of people at all concerned in having Alfonso return. If the army should again interfere in public affairs and in favor of a change, it could make much trouble, but there is no indication of any such action. The only strong force in Spain in favor of royalty is the Church. The Spanish people at the present time, while very religious, are not disposed to follow any lead the Church may take in political affairs, and resent any action that the Church may take in politics.

Among the Recent Books

By Major C. A. Lyndon

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHIES

"Memoirs of Marshal Foch", translated by Colonel
T. Bentley Mott. (London: Heinemann).

THIS volume is an interesting study of the works of the man who became generalissimo of the Allied Armies in 1918. Colonel Mott was the American liaison officer at General Foch's headquarters and conceived the value of a study of the progress of the man from a junior French army officer to the directing genius of one of the greatest armies ever assembled. The study is readable and informative and should be as welcome to the average reader as to military men.

The book traces the life of Marshal Foch from his early days as a student during the war of 1870, when his country was humiliated by Germany; his early appreciation of the fact that there would be another struggle between France and Germany, and his lifetime study in preparation for that struggle; then through the early days of the Great War, when he met with success in stemming the initial advance of German armies into south-eastern France; his call to assist Marshal Joffre at the Marne, where his forces were again responsible to no small extent in checking the advancing armies; his work in co-ordinating the attacks of British, French and Belgian armies in the north; then through a period when he apparently fell into disfavor with certain portions of the French General Staff; and his eventual return to lead not only French but other Allied armies through the engagements which led to the breaking of German power on the Western Front.

Some have classed Foch as a genius; others insist that he was theoretical, that his greatest work was as a leader of a certain line of thought in French army training. There can be no doubt, though, that his resourcefulness, his energy, his early training, his deep-seated faith in the basic soundness of his principles of strategy, and his ability gradually to develop a confidence in his plans on the part of the other Allied commanders were the keystone of the Allied victory in 1918. One gains a new picture of the abilities and oddities of this 'Man of Orleans' from Colonel Mott's volume.

* * * * *

"Marshal Lyautey", by Andre Maurois. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head).

MAUROIS, already well-known for his writings in this type of field, has given us a new volume of the life of Marshal Lyautey, the one man to whom France may be said to owe the vigor and extent of her colonial empire. Lyautey, a typical French soldier of the older school has perhaps done more to extend French influence in Indo-China and North Africa than any other of her sons. He combines throughout his career, foresight, vigor and indomitable courage, which are beyond question the greatest assets of the colonial soldier.

So well had Lyautey established and maintained French prestige in Morocco, and so built up a faith in himself throughout the French nation, that the government in 1916 recalled him to take over the Ministry of War. What shortcomings he developed during his tour of duty in the cabinet can be attributed beyond question to his firm conviction that the national effort must be further coordinated and his differences with his fellow-ministers on that score. On his retirement from the ministry he was reinstated in his 'empire' in North Africa, where he had become known as the embodiment of French justice in colonial government, and where he was again welcomed with delight by the colonials.

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"My Experiences in the World War" by General John J. Pershing. (Toronto: Frederick Stokes and McClelland, Stewart).

THIS two volume set of memoirs by the commander of the American army in France is a timely and well-prepared addition to the history of the final days of the late war. It is not in itself a history of the full course of those hectic days of 1917 and 1918, for the author has set out only to portray the life of the American Expeditionary Force; but inasmuch as the whole course of the war revolves about the advent of the American forces in the conflict during the closing months, it gives a general conception of the conduct of the war in general. "I will tell the American people the truth about their army" are the words which form the basis on which these two volumes are assembled.

The reader cannot help but admire the frankness with which General Pershing takes up each individual problem in his writing, even though he may not agree with the author's deductions in some cases. We have here, no doubt, one of the best portrayals of the American point of view that will be seen for a long time. While the American commander no doubt was too deeply impressed with the distressed condition of Allied Armies in 1917, partly due to deliberate efforts on the part of Allied leaders to secure their share of American troops, he has given us a good impression of the woes of the British and French leaders in trying to coordinate army efforts; and he has told the American nation in no uncertain terms that they fell down

on a grand scale in assembling everything but their man-power. The volumes deserve to be widely read in Canada; they should clear up many points of divergence in opinion between our southern neighbors and ourselves.

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"Rifleman and Hussar" by Colonel Sir P. C. Marling,
V.C. (London: John Murray).

THIS volume is delightful reading. The story of one of a type of English country gentlemen who have done the major portion of the odd jobs in establishing the Empire, written by himself, plainly, alluringly, with no sign of bombast in its four hundred pages, it is to be commended to men who like action in which the actor, while the main feature, succeeds in partly removing himself from the spot-light.

Sir Percival Marling looks back with sincere delight to his service in the British army, through his years with infantry, the Mounted Infantry, and then with the 18th Hussars, which regiment he eventually commanded. His field of service has been as varied as his arm of service, having included the Sudan campaigns, South African War, Indian Service and duty in the Great War. There is plenty of material for this interesting story.

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"Footslogger" by Graham Seton. (London: Hutchinson & Co.).

THE author of this volume has become widely known through his war writings, particularly his famous "W" Plan, which was very widely read by Britons. Colonel Hutchinson, as he is known in the every-day walks of life, has had a more varied life than most humans, and has taken part in more varied enterprises that have helped make history. As soldier, prospector, police, diplomat and commercial man he has led a life of adventure that has taken him to every part of the globe and into every form of danger. He has served with British forces in Africa, in India, and in the Great War; he has searched for gold in Australia; served with the Rhodesian Police; taken his turn during the Great War; served with the post-Versailles commissions in the plebiscites in the disputed areas in Poland; and taken a hand in commercial enterprises in England. Here are profuse fields for an adventurous spirit.

Colonel Hutchinson has illustrated his volume with original sketches and with photographs of interest, and has added a wealth of anecdote to the narrative.

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HISTORICAL

"Military Operations in Egypt and Palestine".—Three volumes: I. by Gen. MacMunn and Capt. Falls; II and III. by Capt. Falls and Major Becke. (London: H.M. Stationery Office).

THESE volumes constitute a permanent record of the numerous actions that took place in Egypt and Palestine during the Great War, and as such will be read by military men universally. The authorities made a happy choice in their historians, judged from the readers' viewpoint. To make an official history readable to average men, and yet of value to the military student is no small task, but these chroniclers have presented volumes which will stand these tests.

The first volume covers the early period of actions, chiefly enemy efforts against the Suez area, and ending finally in the Turkish attack on the Canal in February, 1915. There were smaller campaigns in the western Egyptian deserts against tribesmen, and the innovation of the revolt of the Arabs against the Turkish government. Some space is also given to the effect of the Gallipoli movement on the situation in Egypt.

The succeeding volumes take up the decision of the new British commander, General Allenby, to push into Palestine. Every phase of the campaign is covered—the Jordan campaigns to assist the Arabs; the plans for the over-running of the Megiddo Plain (which captured the German-Turkish staff but just missed the commander, von Sanders, when the British cavalry seized Nazareth); and the succeeding advance to and capture of Jerusalem.

Cavalrymen will delight in the details of the actions of the mounted arm in the Megiddo advance, at El Maghar and in the capture of Haifa.

* * * * *

"The Crusades" by Harold Lamb. (Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy).

THIS is an interesting book to read in connection with the story of the Turkish downfall depicted in the official history just commented upon. It is the story of the successive attempts of the Christian knights to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks. The Crescent was, at that time, in the ascendant, and the history of the Crusades develops into one of failures for most of the pilgrimages.

The author knows, from his travels, the lands which were concerned with the Wars of the Cross, and he gives a concise picture of the whole life of the civilized world at the time, with its deep-

seated intrigues, and the threatened extinction of Christianity. His style is most pleasing and makes the story read as smoothly as the most popular fiction.

* * * * *

"The Jameson Raid" by H. M. Hole. (London: Philip Alan).

THIS volume will appeal to a good many who have taken part in African development or who have been interested through the Canadian participation in the Boer War at the opening of the century. It changes the Jameson Raid from an indefinite myth to an easily understood, though poorly advised, escapade. A good many details of the event are cleared up, and the real significance and seriousness of the move are more easily understood.

Dr. Jameson, the leader of the expedition, conceived the raid as the means of displacing Boer control in the Transvaal, counting on support from the Uitlanders in the Transvaal. His personality drew many prominent Britons to the support of the raid and hastened the 'zero hour'. The book follows the course of the ride into the Transvaal and the failure of the Transvaal Uitlanders to join Jameson's force. Surrounded by Boers, the force surrendered and the leaders were sent home to judgment and prison. There are many interesting off-stage facets to the story all of which make for a fascinating tale.

* * * * *

"Policing the Plains" by R. G. MacBeth. (Toronto: Musson Book Co.).

THIS is a new edition of Dr. MacBeth's history of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and the author has brought it up to date by including a good deal of new material from the records of the force.

The book has had a pleasing circulation across Canada and the new edition should do a great deal in increasing that popularity. It will continue to crystallize Canadian respect for this greatest of all police units, and pass on the story to future generations.

* * * * *

THE EASTERN FRONTS

"A Soldier's Note-Book" by General A. Brussilov. (Toronto: Macmillan's).

IT is fortunate that General Brusillov left this volume that the rest of the world might see the difficulties which beset those Russian leaders who endeavored to keep the Russian armies in the field in aid of the Allies during the period just prior to the Revolution. General Brusillov remains to history as one of the outstanding war-time leaders of the Czar's forces; he was an aggressive commander,

with a wider outlook than most of his compatriots, and a deeper sense of the responsibility of his country to the cause it had espoused in common with the Allies. He was far from being popular with the Russian court, though he held the respect of the armies under his command. He deals calmly and fully with these aspects of his public life; he criticises those whom he feels deserve it, regardless of rank, and he is equally willing to give praise where it is due.

One reads with interest of the events leading up to the disintegration of the Russian armies; of the various acts which demonstrated clearly that all discipline had vanished, and of the manner in which soldier committees took over control in the field. There is a good picture of the anarchy, murder and famine which were a part of the Red Revolution. The book is a commendable record of events in the eastern war zones both during the days when the Czarist armies were threatening to over-run Hungary, and later when they had vanished from the war picture.

* * * * *

"The Unknown War" by Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.
(Toronto: Macmillan's).

THIS newest volume from the pen of one of Britain's outstanding war-time cabinet ministers goes into details regarding the war on the Eastern fronts. The future alone will demonstrate the value of the book as a permanent historical work, but one is impressed with the close connection of the author with the events which transpired in the eastern zones during the war days. It will be some time, no doubt, before we have anything similar from one as well-informed on the topic; and the book, as is the case with all of Mr. Churchill's works, is extremely readable.

The Unknown War should be read by every student of Great War history for the view it gives of the inter-locking of the events on the various portion of the far-eastern battle-front. There is the diplomacy and intrigue by which both Allies and the Central Powers endeavored to sway public opinion in the neutral nations of the east; of the abortive displays of force by which prestige was to be maintained, and by which, in many cases it was still further weakened, and by all the diverse efforts put forth by Allied 'boards of strategy' to consolidate their position in so many widespread zones.

In addition to the political phases of the book there are some interesting chapters which go into detail with the actual campaigns of both Allied and enemy armies. One gains a new conception of the plans laid first by the Russians for the initial campaigns, and later by the German and Austrian staffs for the thrusts which sent the Czar's armies rolling back to the east. Later, and toward the period when the Russian spirit broke, General Brusilov laid an admirable plan for the conquest of the Hungarian Plains, and the author has given a detailed explanation of this move and of its results. This

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work, compared with others which have dealt with portions of the same topic, will aid materially in establishing the true worth of the various leaders of both sides who laid the plans for the war on the Eastern Fronts.

* * * * *

"Gallipoli Diary" by Sir Ian Hamilton. (London: Edward Arnold; Toronto: Longman's Green).

THERE was considerable demand from Australian and New Zealand sources, after the appearance of General Ian Hamilton's two volume Gallipoli Diary, for a shorter, less expensive edition which would be within reach of the men who served under him at the Dardanelles. This volume is the answer to the demand. It is a shortened diary of the history-making Mediterranean Expeditionary Force as kept from day to day by the commander. The vital parts have been preserved, the less relevant material deleted. It is well-done and the continuity is carefully preserved; the result is a complete story of the ill-starred expedition from the viewpoint of the man who conducted it.

History has no more daringly-conceived venture to record, nor a more wonderful story of human courage and self-sacrifice to give to future generations than this venture of British and French forces in the effort to force the Hellespont. The whole story is a tribute to the men who took part in it. Of the directing forces further removed from the actual field of operations history may not record so favorably. One of the tragic features of the whole affair is the inability of the cabinet to agree on the proposition, then, having sanctioned it, of their failure to put forth every effort toward its successful conduct, and of their failure to provide the force detailed to the mission with the armament and equipment essential to success. There can be no doubt that the expedition came near success, and that agreement among the directing staffs, with its consequent maintenance of sufficient support to the Gallipoli Army, might have changed the whole affair into a successful venture. The book is thought-provoking, and carries a wonderful series of morals for those who may some time partake in laying plans for armed forces.

* * * * *

"First Athenian Memories" by Compton Mackenzie. (Toronto: Cassell's).

GREECE, during the mid-days of the Great War, was a hotbed of intrigue. Both the Allies and the Central Powers were intent on bringing the empire of the Hellenes into the war on their own particular sides, and the efforts led to one of the most interesting by-plays of the war. Still neutral, Greece was well covered with secret agents of all the major powers at war, and the efforts of these workers to further their own particular ends led to considerable

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confusion among the Greeks themselves, certainly helping to break up any unanimity of opinion.

Compton Mackenzie was a member of the British secret service engaged in this work, and this volume tells, as he alone is able to tell, the story of the work attempted and its achievements. We may not be proud of all that transpired at the instigation of the British government, but we can do no better than read, as here, the reasons for various actions and draw conclusions as to whether they were not pretty well justified by conditions at the time. Those who read the volume will, I am sure, await with interest the promised volume which is to continue the story of this work.

* * * * *

THE AIR

"The War in the Air" by H. A. Jones. (Toronto: Oxford University Press).

THIS is the third volume of the official history of the war in the air, and it covers a period of activity that is of more than usual interest. The author has made his chronicles most readable, and the volume is worthy of its place in the authoritative records of the great conflict.

An interesting story is told of the activities of our airmen in locating and helping to destroy the German cruiser *Konigsberg* on the Rufigi River in East Africa. Then the scene shifts to the actions against German South-West Africa, where the airmen again held up their end. The interest for most readers will be multiplied when the sections dealing with the air-raids over the British Isles are reached. The records of both Allied and German air forces have been searched to obtain a true picture of the extent of these excursions over Britain, their cost, and the damage they inflicted. The story will surprise most of our readers.

Those who knew first-hand the war on the western front will read with interest the final sections which deal with the work of the Air Force on that front during 1916 and 1917, and which tell absorbingly of the gradual development of the modern air units.

* * * * *

"The Air Weapon" by C. F. Snowden Gamble. (Toronto: Oxford University Press).

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the methods by which the modern air force has been developed will find this volume to their liking. It is the first of a set of three volumes which will trace the growth of the air arm from 1783 until the present day, and it takes the reader up to the entry of Great Britain into the war in 1914. There are the humorous episodes, or so they appear now,

that befall the men who first attempted to foster aeronautic development, and trials which they overcame in perfecting heavier-than-air flight. The complete set should form a valuable story of aircraft and its uses.

* * * * *

NAVAL

Two books on the submarine warfare of the Great War, both from the German viewpoint and both absorbingly compiled, have come to hand, and both should be widely read by Canadians. The fact that they are from the pens of German submarine officers will certainly detract nothing from their value, in view, particularly, of the fact that our enemies probably led the nations in the development of the undersea vessel.

U-Boat Stories by Commander Karl Neurether and Claus Bergen (Toronto: Macmillan's) is a collection of a score of anecdotes by commanders and members of various 'U' boats on every type of undersea service. There are raids toward the English coasts, the Irish Sea, the open Atlantic, cruises and dark work in the Mediterranean and along the North African coast and operations in the Adriatic. The several writers give what should be a fair picture of the mental attitude of these much-harried seamen of the depths and of their methods of operation. One tells of a Christmas spent lying on the ocean bed, another of the voyage which landed Sir Roger Casement on the Irish Coast to lead the abortive Easter Rebellion. All are engrossing.

Claus Bergen, a marine artist who spent some months depicting submarine activities on canvas during the war, has illustrated the book with a splendid series of colored plates.

U-Boats Westward, written by Commander Ernst Hashagen (Toronto: Thos. Allen) is the other of this excellent brace. The author was the guiding hand of many expeditions against Allied shipping in the North Sea and westward waters, and his story of the U-Boat commander's problems and need for steady courage make pleasant reading. One sees a new light of the manner in which these men learned of their prey, and of the manner in which they despatched it—when they were not 'done in' themselves.

Commander Hashagen overhauled and sank the Q-12, a British mystery ship, and took prisoner its commander, Norman Lewis, landing him nineteen days later on the German coast, to spend the balance of the war a prisoner at Freiburg. An interesting end to the story is that after the war Commander Lewis prevailed upon his captor to travel to England to speak at meetings in English cities on the subject of 'U-Boats'. The former enemy was well received by Britons during his addresses with Commander Lewis and the tone of his present volume is such that it will surely be welcomed by Canadians for its portrayal of the life of the men who went 'down to the seas' in submarines.

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TECHNICAL

"Military Organization and Administration" by Colonel
W. G. Lindsell, D.S.O. (London: Gale & Polden).

THIS is the eleventh edition of a very useful and informative handbook on the subject of military organization. It has been brought up to date to conform to the 1930 issue of Field Service Regulations, and should be reliable authority in its field. Its arrangement will make it of use both to regimental officers and those doing staff duty.

* * * * *

"Military Law" by Lt.-Col. S. T. Banning, C.B.E.
(London: Gale and Polden).

THIS book in its earlier editions already holds a place in the reference volumes of a goodly number of Canadian officers. The present volume, the seventeenth edition, has been revised to keep it in line with the last issue of The Manual of Military Law. It is a boon to young officers struggling to select the vital elements of Military Law, as well as being a valuable reference to more experienced commanders. To the latter it needs no introduction; to the former we commend it.

* * * * *

"Handbook of Military Law" by Wilkins and Chaney.
London: Wm. Clowes).

HERE is another book on that bane of young officers, Military Law. It is in a class by itself, the authors having done up their volume in somewhat different fashion than the usual. In the matter of this arrangement it appears to lead its field. Certainly the subject matter is easily available to the student.

The matter of charges, courts, powers, evidence, and of punishments are each treated separately and clearly. There is a chapter dealing with preparations for Military Law examinations which will be welcomed by those trying promotion papers. The book is a most welcome one.

* * * * *

GENERAL

"Through the Dragon's Eyes" by L. C. Arlington.
(Toronto: MacMillan's).

ONE finds it hard to understand many of the stories which have come out of China during the present upheaval in the Far East, chiefly because the Oriental mentality is absolutely different from the Occidental, and because the Chinese are a composite people with their own peculiar outlook on life. Good works on Chinese topics

are rare, though there have been several attempts to portray life in the lands of the Manchus. This present volume gives a most pleasing insight into the Chinese make-up, and helps to a better understanding of many things which otherwise seems incredible. The author writes from a background of fifty years' service in Chinese official circles and his words have the ring of authenticity.

I venture that the majority of general readers will enjoy reading of the manner in which armies change sides when and where the mood strikes, of the methods by which leaders secure a following and of how they attempt to maintain it, and of the changes which have been wrought in the country in the past decade or so. There are many good things about the Chinese philosophy and they, too, receive their due consideration.

* * * * *

"Economic Life of Soviet Russia" by C. B. Hoover.
(Toronto: MacMillan's).

A SHORT note will suffice about this really commendable volume on the much-discussed and much-written Russian topic. The book is the product of Dr. Hoover of Duke University, who went to the Soviet under an appointment from the Social Science Research Council, and is the result of his observations among the rank and file of the Soviet populace. It is reliable enough that all our readers would do well to read it.

Dr. Hoover did not find an Utopia in the Soviet; nor did he find everything obnoxious. He points out certain rather serious defects in the new order of life, while at the same time drawing attention to some phases which are objectionable in the extreme. The book is thought-provoking.

Impressions of Geneva

From The Calgary Albertan, Sept. 4, 1931

THE world is sick. The symptoms of its ailment are to be seen from the Polish corridor to the tinge of cynicism in England, but 800 hopeful, technically-minded men and women are going to work each morning at Geneva in an attempt to concoct a remedy. Europe, the heart of the disease, is favoring a beneficent despotism as a means of controlling, perhaps curing, the malady.

This was the substance of a sweeping panorama of European affairs presented at noon, Thursday, by Colonel the Rev. G. O. Fallis, O.B.E., to a gathering under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club, including the Canadian Club and the Alberta Military Institute in the form of a luncheon in the Palliser Hotel.

Colonel Fallis was introduced by a companion of his school days, I. F. Fitch, president of the Canadian Club. Since that stage of his life he has attained a prominent position in national and international affairs. He was Chaplain-General of the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the war. He is returning to his pastorate in Vancouver from Geneva, where he attended sessions of the League of Nations committees.

Geneva, the pulse centre of the world, Colonel Fallis said, had in the past twelve months ignored sentiment and speech making in its gesture for world peace. Instead a practical turn of mind had taken control and the ills of the world were being attacked with a new precision.

The speaker considered that the most far-reaching event in international affairs during the past two years was the occasion on which Philip Snowden obtained for Great Britain two million pounds sterling above the Young plan of debts payment provision. As a consequence, he continued, the French people dismissed Briand's government for a more reactionary body which may be expected to preclude harmony at the coming disarmament conference in February.

The tide has turned at least temporarily against democracy. Europe has chosen the safer course of placing her affairs in the hands of men of power; individuals like Mussolini, Bruening, Stalin and the personnel of the new government in England.

While Germany and Great Britain reciprocated in the exchange of respect and kind feelings there remained between Germany and France an animosity that cannot be entirely overlooked. France, continued Colonel Fallis, is unable entirely to overlook early abuses.

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The speaker expressed admiration for the manner in which Mussolini was remaking Italy. In eleven years the Mediterranean country had improved not only physically but morally.

"He is popularly regarded as an egotistic and assertive man", he remarked, "but Mussolini is a family man, a lover of the home and a man with ideals. He is a teetotaler but not a prohibitionist. He prefers sobriety."

In the last naval conference Italy blocked proceedings, objecting to parity with France. Colonel Fallis stated that the move appeared to be part of Mussolini's doctrine of designating France as a threat to the Italian people if they failed to mould into a unit.

"He is accomplished in international psychology and is apparently choosing this method of uniting Italy into a solid force. He may be criticized but it seems to be sound psychology", he observed.

Of England, Colonel Fallis said he detected a feeling of cynicism as of a country disillusioned of ideals so widely believed during the Great War. Fear of financial misfortune as a result of losing many of the markets of the world was at the origin of the sentiment. Yet England and all the world appears to be bursting once more with idealism, awaiting a leader, said the speaker.



Trade Conditions in China

From The Calgary Albertan, June 18, 1931

For more reasons than one, Canada already occupies an enviable position in the last great potential foreign market of the world and the opportunities for the future are no less than have been shown by actual figures in the past, declared Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. Cosgrave, of Shanghai, Canadian Trade Commissioner in China, in addressing a joint meeting of the Board of Trade, the Canadian Club and the Alberta Military Institute.

"The personal equation is one of the strongest factors in trading with the Chinese business man. And I might say that Canadians as a class are very well liked in this respect for reasons which I shall give," Col. Cosgrave said.

The speaker went on to point out that Canada was a very popular country with the Chinese business man because she had "no axe to grind" as other countries trying to promote trade there had. Also, the Chinese were a very proud people and did not welcome the policy of American, German and other manufacturers who had established branch factories and agencies in China.

"They are quite capable of carrying on business under conditions which they know so much better than the best of business men from any other country and they know it. Therefore, they resent very much the attempt to encroach on their home grounds," Col. Cosgrave explained.

As an indication of the success of Canadian trade in China, Col. Cosgrave stated that the value of imports had increased from about \$2,000,000 a year two years ago to approximately \$30,000,000 in 1930.

Another interesting point he explained was the situation regarding the effect of constant revolutions and civil wars on trade.

"It is rather a remarkable thing, but these wars within the country's borders do not effect the business of the country to any great extent, and I might say for the information of Canadian business men that I believe the present government in China, a well balanced arrangement between North, Centre and South, is there to stay", he said.

One thing suggested to stimulate Canada's trade with the Chinese was more frequent visits to the country and the establishing of personal contacts with the Chinese traders by the executives of Canadian manufacturing concerns.

Referring to some of the interesting characteristics of the country, Col. Cosgrave said that while it was not generally realized by the Western world, the Chinese were fast adopting Western ways and modes of living. The intellectual class in that great country was looking to the day when China will be as modern as New York and Montreal and as efficient as the countries of the West.

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Dominion Day, 1931

From The Calgary Albertan July 2nd, 1931

If the dream of the Fathers of Confederation for a unified nation from the Pacific to the Atlantic is to come true, Canadians owe a unity to their fellow Canadians, and especially those in the East to those in the West and vice versa, in making a real effort to come to a closer understanding of each other's problems and difficulties and then to get together and hammer out these differences on the anvil of conciliation and concession, the very spirit upon which the Dominion is founded.

In these words Mr. Justice A. A. Mc Gillivray concluded his address before approximately 650 members of the Calgary branch of the Canadian Club, the Alberta Military Institute, both sections of the Board of Trade and service clubs, at a joint luncheon in the Palliser Hotel which, according to the chairman, I. F. Fitch, president of the Canadian Club, is meant to set a precedent for future years as a form of celebration fitting for Dominion Day recognition.

"Let there be no East or West. Let us have the will to find the way and the way will be found," His Lordship said.

The speaker went on to point out that while there were at least three distinct geographical barriers that Canadians had found it necessary to surmount, the Rocky Mountains, the vast waste lands north of Lake Superior and the State of Maine which juts up into Eastern Canada nearly to the St. Lawrence River, offsetting these barriers were the recent advances made in transportation during recent years. The press, with its network of wires joining every part of Canada, had been as valuable a force as any in bringing about the need for closer understanding.

Then there is also the common barrier to practically all of Canada, and one which must be faced in a whole-hearted and Canadian manner—the racial difference.

"We may admit that we have done fairly well but we might do well to remember at times that those whom we call foreigners have been invited to come here and therefore should be given every opportunity to become Canadian citizens. First of all, our schools must fly the Union Jack and in our textbooks, written by Canadian authors, must be something of those men who made the history of this nation."

L. W. Brockington, K.C., in thanking the speaker for his address, declared that out of all the sorrow, suffering and misery of the present time, Canada would emerge a country where Canada could

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play in safety, men work honestly and contentedly for a livelihood and men and women could grow old in peace and contentment.

Earlier in his address the speaker reviewed the important steps in the history of the development of Canada as it is today. Special emphasis was placed on the terms of the Quebec Act, The Constitutional Act and The Act of Union and Confederation.

"There is no doubt in my mind at all that Canada would not be as we know it today had not those privileges and rights of the French living in Quebec been granted in the Quebec Act and left undisturbed by subsequent governments and authorities. "

He also stated that it was wrong and unfair to give the full credit for the confederating of the Canadian Provinces into the Dominion to any one person or to any one cause or circumstance.

Members of the visiting English football team were guests of the club at the luncheon.



The Annual Meeting

Held in the Garrison Officers' Mess, Calgary,
Friday, January 22nd, 1932.

THE meeting opened at 8.15 p.m. The chair was occupied by the President, Lieut. H. C. Farthing, B.A., M.L.A. The following members were present:—

Capt. J. U. Acton.

Lieut. J. E. Brown, Lieut. R. T. Baxter, Lieut. F. J. Butler, Capt. A. H. Brown, Major A. C. Ballantine, 2nd Lieut. S. T. Bowden, Lt.-Commander C. H. Bromley, Capt. J. Begg, Capt. P. Burton, Major J. H. Beatty, Lieut. J. E. Bagshaw, Capt. R. F. Babb, M.C., Major C. A. Bell, M.C.

Lieut. H. E. Creech, M.M., Lieut. T. W. Collinge, Capt. L. H. Chapman, 2nd Lieut. J. E. Cave, Capt. N. A. Campbell, Col. D. G. L. Cunningham, M.C., V.D., Capt. M. Clarke.

Capt. A. J. Davis, Capt. E. E. Drysdale.

Major W. J. Eveleigh, D.S.O., Lieut. D. M. Ellingson.

Lieut. H. C. Farthing, B.A., M.L.A., Capt. A. H. Ferguson, Lieut. D. T. Fotheringham, Capt. Ray Forrest.

Lt.-Col. J. N. Gunn, D.S.O., V.D.

Lt.-Col. J. W. Hugill, V.D., Capt. J. Hogarth, Lieut. H. H. C. B. Hervey, Col. H. C. A. Hervey, V.D., Major P. V. Harcourt, D.C.M., Major J. R. Hawkins, Lieut. J. E. Hesson.

Major W. K. Jull, M.C., Capt. V. R. Jones, Major H. H. Johnson, Major A. C. Cooper Johnston, M.C.

Capt. C. H. King, Lt.-Col. E. R. Knight, V.D., A.D.C., Comdr. R. P. Kingscote, Lt.-Col. W. A. Lyndon, 2nd Lieut. G. E. Lockwood, Lt.-Col. A. G. B. Lewis, V.D., Major P. P. Littlewood, Lt.-Col. R. E. A. Lloyd, V.D., Lt.-Col. H. O. Lawson, Lieut. K. B. Lockett.

Capt. The Rev. W. H. Muncaster, Major L. W. Miller, D.S.O., Lieut. G. A. Marshall, Lt.-Col. G. W. H. Millican, M.C., Lieut. St. J. Miller, Capt. W. Motherwell, V.D., Lieut. S. L. Miller, Lt.-Col. D. J. MacDonald, D.S.O., M.C., Major J. A. McLean, M.M., Capt. N. J. G. McKinney, Capt. F. R. McCall, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

Capt. W. Noble, Lieut. R. Nash.

Brig.-Gen. D. M. Ormond, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O., Major J. D. Pitman, D.S.O., Capt. G. S. Purdy, M.M., Lieut. P. J. R. Payne, Major H. Pryde, Col. J. L. Potter, Capt. R. H. Preston.

Lt.-Col. W. S. Quint.

Lieut. L. W. H. Randall, Col. D. L. Redman, V.D., Lieut. M. H. Robinson, Paym. Lieut. J. H. Rowland.

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Major H. Strachan, V.C., M.C., Capt. W. G. Stunden, Lieut. G. B. Shattock, Lt.-Col. F. L. Shouldice, M.C., Capt. J. A. Suttle, Lt.-Col. P. R. Shields, M.C., Major J. F. Scott.

Lieut. A. H. Turney, Lieut. R. J. Thomson, 2nd Lieut. W. I. Taylor, Lt.-Col. D. H. Tomlinson, M.B.E., V.D., Lieut. A. L. Tregillus.

Major W. C. West, Lieut. S. M. Welsh.

Lieut. C. E. Young.

The Minutes of the Annual Meeting held in 1930 having been printed in the Annual Journal for 1930, reading of them was dispensed with.

GENERAL BUSINESS

President's Annual Report

The President presented his report for the year 1931, as follows:—

General Ormond and Gentlemen—

It is my privilege to present to you on behalf of the Directors a report of the activities of the Institute for the past year.

Owing to present conditions which are all too well known, it has been in some respects a difficult year. But our membership has been splendidly loyal in a time of stress, and our strength as of the 31st December, 1931, was:

Life Members	6
Honorary Members	3
Resident Members	343
Non-resident Members	174
Total	526

showing a net decrease from the previous year of only six.

In addition to these we have the members of our Lethbridge and Red Deer branches. We are still the second largest officers' Institute in Canada.

Sixteen meetings were held during the year. The high standard of addresses was maintained, and the average attendance was excellent.

The Vimy Dinner was held as usual at the Palliser Hotel. Our guest of honour and principal speaker was an old friend of the Institute in the person of Major General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., formerly Chief of the General Staff, and later President of the Aviation League of Canada. He gave a most interesting address on the development of aviation, and its future prospects. During

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

the summer he was made Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and during the autumn our members turned out in force for one evening to welcome him, and do him honour on the occasion of his first visit to the Institute since his appointment to the command of that historic force, which has given Canada in less than sixty years such a wealth of honourable and inspiring tradition. None of General MacBrien's many friends throughout Canada feels greater satisfaction in seeing him in his new position than do the members of our Institute.

Armistice Ball

At a general meeting it was decided that owing to business conditions the Armistice Ball should this year be held in the Armouries. We most heartily thank General Ormond for granting the necessary permission and for the kind and unfailing assistance which he and the members of his staff gave in making the necessary arrangements. We also thank Major Dingle, the President of the Garrison Officers' Mess, and his committee, for their most helpful co-operation. Though attendance was limited strictly to our members and their ladies, and fewer than a dozen invited official guests, 217 persons were present, the full limit of the capacity of the supper room. Your Directors were most regretfully compelled to refuse tickets to several members who did not apply for them until a day or two before the Ball when the accommodation was exhausted. By sending out several notices every effort was made to impress upon the members the special necessity on this occasion for making reservations within the time specified. Such notices should be taken more seriously if disappointment is to be avoided.

The Ball, so far as can be heard, was greatly enjoyed. Your Directors are making the usual recommendation to this meeting that authority be given the incoming Board to hold a Ball as usual on Armistice night, but have made no mention of place, feeling that this can be more fittingly decided at a general meeting in September. To hold the Ball in the Armouries entails much more work on the part of the Directors who have to arrange all those small details—so essential to the success of such a function—which at the Palliser are looked after by the hotel management and staff. In this connection a particular debt of gratitude is due to Lieut.-Col. Page and Major Pitman, to whose splendid work may be ascribed a large measure of the success of the evening.

Cadet Corps

Lieut.-Col. Tomlinson, President of the Cadet Corps Committee, will present his report to you, showing the Corps to be in a very flourishing condition.

Financial Statement

The Treasurer will present the Financial Statement, which you have already received through the mail. Bearing in mind the general financial stringency and the fact that no profit could be expected

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from the Ball, it is, in the opinion of your Directors, a thoroughly satisfactory statement.

Library

The Honorary Librarian, Lieut. M. H. Staples, will present his report. Your Directors wish to express their gratitude to him for his work, which is as excellent as it is quiet and unobtrusive.

Annual Journal

The Journal was published as usual, but as might be expected we suffered a very considerable decrease in advertising. The Journal for 1931 will be published in due course.

Theatre Night

Owing to the fact that some units were not in favour of the plan, the usual Theatre Night was not held during the past year. Certain units, however, attended a performance at the Grand Theatre, but not under the auspices of the Institute.

Affiliated Branches

Reports of the affiliated branches at Lethbridge and Red Deer will be published in the Journal.

All requests for speakers were met, and expenses paid out of our funds. Red Deer Branch has had a particularly active year.

C.O.T.C. Scholarships

The scholarships awarded by the Institute to the University of Alberta C.O.T.C., were given in 1931 for the Infantry course to:

Class "A" Certificate, \$25—Mr. W. W. Maybank.

Class "B" Certificate, \$50—Mr. H. W. Becker.

Together with General Ormond, Lieut-Col. Connolly and Major A. N. Martin, I had the privilege of attending, while in Edmonton during March, the annual banquet of the C.O.T.C. A toast was proposed to the Alberta Military Institute, to which I had the honour of responding. It is quite evident how greatly the C.O.T.C. appreciates the evidence of our interest in its welfare, which is provided by our annual grant of scholarships.

Obituary

It is with heartfelt regret that we record the loss by death of five of our members during the past year in the persons of:—Colonel P. J. Daly, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major W. G. Stedman; Lieut. W. H. Sellar; Major W. L. Ruzicka; Lieut.-Col. J. D. R. Stewart, O.B.E.

Executive Officers

With most sincere thanks do I acknowledge the splendid support and co-operation given me throughout the past year by our officers

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

and directors. Lieut.-Col. Page by his unfailing kindness and sound judgment has been of invaluable assistance to me, and I am particularly grateful to him for performing my duties so well during my absence in Edmonton in February and March. Capt. Davis has completed his first year as Secretary with great credit to himself. Of Mr. Miller, our Treasurer, so much could be said that nothing need be said. He is, as it were, the mainspring of the organization of the Institute. I desire to record my deep sense of gratitude to him for the unfailing assistance which he has always given me. The members of the Board of Directors have performed their work most faithfully and well. To them also do I express my great appreciation. The attendance at meetings of the Board has been excellent, and never once have I made a request of any officer or director which has been refused. I feel that this part of my report would be incomplete if I did not mention our Secretary's assistant, Quarter-Master Sergt. David B. Keir, who performed his duties not merely faithfully, but with a very real and active interest in the welfare and progress of the Institute. Last but by no means least may I express my appreciation of the sympathetic support always given to the work of the Institute by the District Officer Commanding, Brig.-General Ormond, and his staff who have been of great help during the past year. It is my good fortune to be able to say that never have I made a request of General Ormond on behalf of the Institute, which he has not granted.

When you honoured me by electing me to the presidency a year ago I said that I considered this position to be the most honourable of its kind in the city of Calgary. I am, therefore, most grateful to you for having given me the great privilege of serving you in this capacity. I now retire this evening from the Board of Directors after four years of membership thereon. My membership on the Board will always remain for me a most happy recollection. I know of no committee work which gives a man so much pleasure. This is due to the delightful spirit of willingness and friendship which always seems to characterize the Directorate. I am fully convinced that our Institute performs a most useful and necessary function, its primary duty being to act as a sort of liaison between His Majesty's forces, both permanent and non-permanent, and the general public. That duty your Board have always endeavored to keep constantly in mind.

Permit me now to thank the general body of members for their loyal interest in the work of the Institute, and for their many acts of personal kindness and consideration to me, and in the confident hope that the Institute will continue and extend its good work, I bid you now my official farewell.

Respectfully submitted,

HUGH C. FARTHING, Lieut.

President.

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

It was moved by Major N. D. Dingle, seconded by Lt.-Col. E. R. Knight that the report of the President be adopted. Carried.

Report of Treasurer

The Treasurer, Mr S. L. Miller, presented his report for 1931. A copy of the Financial Statement had been mailed to all members with a notice of the calling of the Annual Meeting.

It was moved by Major J. W. Littleton, seconded by Major C. A. Bell that the report of the Treasurer be adopted and that a sincere vote of thanks be tendered this officer for his work during the past year: Carried.

Report of Auditor

The report of the Auditor for the Institute, Lieut. F. J. Butler, was read, certifying that all books, securities, etc. of the Institute had been examined and found to be correct.

Moved by Capt. V. R. Jones, seconded by Major W. C. West, that the report of the Auditor be adopted. Carried.

Report of the Honorary Librarian

The report of the Honorary Librarian, Lieut. M. H. Staples, was read. In this connection the Directors recommended that expenditure up to \$100. for the purchase of books and bookcases during 1932, be authorized.

Moved by Lt.-Col. J. W. Hugill, seconded by Col. D. L. Redman, that the report be adopted and the recommendation of the Directors regarding the proposed expenditure not exceeding \$100. be approved. Carried.

Report of Cadet Corps Committee

The report of the Cadet Corps Committee for the past year was read by the chairman, Lt.-Colonel D. H. Tomlinson

Moved by Lt. J. W. Collinge, seconded by Capt. J. A. Suttle, that the report be approved and that the members of the Committee be thanked sincerely for their work during the past year, and that expenses of \$225. be authorized at the discretion of the incoming Directors for the upkeep of the Cadet Corps for the year 1932. Carried.

Clerical Assistance to Secretary

The Directors recommended that a sum not to exceed \$250. be authorized for clerical assistance to the Secretary for 1932.

This was authorized on a motion made by Lt.-Col. J. W. Gunn, seconded by Capt. R. H. Preston, and carried.

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

Clerical Assistance to Treasurer

The Directors recommended authorization of a sum not exceeding \$250. for clerical assistance to the Treasurer for 1932.

This was approved on a motion made by Capt. V. R. Jones, seconded by Lt. A. H. Turney, and carried.

1932 Annual Journal

The Directors recommended the publication of the Annual Journal for 1932.

It was moved by Major L. W. Miller, seconded by Major A. C. Cooper Johnston, that the Annual Journal be published for 1932. Carried.

Vimy Dinner, 1932

The Directors recommended that the Vimy Dinner be held in 1932, on the 9th of April, in the Palliser Hotel.

Moved by Lt.-Col. W. S. Quint, seconded by Major J. F. Scott, that the recommendation of the Directors be adopted. Carried.

Armistice Ball

The Directors recommended that the Armistice Ball be held on the 11th November, 1932.

Moved by Major J. W. Littleton, seconded by Major L. W. Miller, that recommendation be approved. Carried.

Use of Garrison Officers' Mess Rooms

The Directors recommended that the incoming slate of officers for 1932 be empowered to enter into the usual agreement with the Garrison Officers' Mess regarding the use of rooms, i.e., that the sum of \$20.00 be paid for refreshments on the evenings on which meetings are held and that a grant for 1932 of \$300.00, payable quarterly, be authorized.

A motion was made by Capt. R. H. Preston, seconded by Capt. V. R. Jones, and carried, that the question of grant be referred to the incoming Directors for further consideration and report at a future meeting of the Institute. Carried.

Garrison Theatre Night

The Directors recommended that a Garrison Theatre Night be held in 1932, provided the District Officer Commanding and Officers Commanding units of the Garrison be desirous of this being carried out. Suitable arrangements could be made.

The recommendation of the Directors was approved on a motion made by Major N. D. Dingle, seconded by Capt. W. G. Stunden and carried.

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C.O.T.C. Scholarships

The Directors recommended that the following Scholarships be authorized for 1932:—

Class "A" Certificate—\$25.

Class "B" Certificate—\$50.

to be awarded for the Medical Course, provided that no other arrangement for other Scholarships for the Medical Course be available to the President of the University for 1932.

The Scholarships had been awarded to the Infantry Course in 1931 and it had then been decided to alternate the Scholarships between Infantry and Medical Courses.

Motion made by Major L. W. Miller, seconded by Lt.-Col. F. R. Knight, and carried, that the grants be approved but arrangements as to details regarding which course they should be for be left over for the consideration of the incoming Directors in consultation with the District Officer Commanding and the President of the University of Alberta.

Affiliated Branches

Reports from the affiliated Branches at Red Deer and Lethbridge would be printed in the Journal for 1931.

Tribute to Local Press

It was moved by Mr. S. L. Miller, seconded by Lt.-Col. J. W. Hugill, that a sincere vote of thanks be tendered to The Calgary Herald and The Calgary Albertan for the unfailing courtesy which these papers had extended to the Institute during the year just ended. Carried.

NOTICE OF MOTION

Nomination of Officers

Mr. M. H. Robinson moved, Major Pryde seconded:—

That all nomination for officers in the future should be in the hands of the Directors at least one month before the Annual Meeting.

The President ruled that this should be considered as a Notice of Motion to be considered at a future meeting to which Mr. Robinson and Major Pryde agreed.

Votes of Thanks

It was moved by Major N. D. Dingle, seconded by Major J. W. Littleton and carried, that a hearty vote of thanks be given to the retiring President for his excellent work during the year 1931.

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Mr. Farthing briefly replied, thanking the members for their kindness in voting him thanks and also thanked the Directors for their assistance and co-operation.

It was moved by Colonel H. C. A. Hervey, seconded by Lt.-Colonel D. Ritchie, and carried, that a vote of thanks be extended to the Directors.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Members had received a copy of the recommendations submitted by the Nomination Committee.

The President stressed the fact that these nominations were brought forward purely for the purpose of accelerating the business of the meeting and that additional nominations for all offices were now in order from the floor.

Patrons

The Directors recommended the appointment of the following to be Patrons of the Institute:—

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.

His Excellency The Governor-General of Canada.

His Honour W. L. Walsh, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.

Hon. Col. the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, P.C., K.C., LL.D., Prime Minister of Canada.

Lt.-Col. the Hon. D. M. Sutherland, D.S.O., V.D., M.B., M.P., Minister of National Defence.

Major-General A. G. L. MacNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of General Staff.

Major-General A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant-General.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Major-Gen. the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.

Colonel James Walker, V.D.

Hon. Colonel the Hon. Patrick Burns.

Elected by acclamation.

Honorary President

The Directors recommended the election of Brigadier (Hon. Brig.-Gen.) D. M. Ormond, C.M.G., D.S.O., District Officer Commanding, M.D. No. 13, as Honorary President. Elected unanimously.

Honorary Vice-Presidents

The following were recommended for election by the Directors as Honorary Vice-Presidents:—

Col. G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Colonel George Macdonald, V.D.

Lt.-Col. J. N. Gunn, D.S.O., V.D.

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Colonel D. G. L. Cunningham, M.C., V.D.

Major L. W. Miller, D.S.O.

Major H. W. McGill, M.C.

Lt.-Col. David Ritchie, M.C.

Lieut. Hugh Farthing, B.A., M.L.A.

Elected unanimously.

DIRECTORS

The Nomination Committee submitted the following nominations for Directorate for 1932 which were concurred in by the Directors and recommended for nomination:—

President

Lt.-Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O., L.S.H. (R.C.) as President for 1932.

Elected unanimously.

Vice-President

Lt.-Col. E. R. Knight, V.D., A.D.C., as Vice-President for 1932.

Lt.-Col. D. H. Tomlinson was nominated by Capt. Suttle.

The President appointed the following scrutineers: Major L. W. Miller, Capt. V. R. Jones, Capt. Jas. Hogarth, Major H. H. Johnston, Lieut. B. L. Cook, Capt. W. G. Stunden.

A vote was taken and Lt.-Col. D. H. Tomlinson was declared elected as Vice-President for 1932.

Honorary Secretary

Capt. A. J. Davis as Honorary Secretary Elected unanimously.

Treasurer

Mr. S. L. Miller as Treasurer. Elected unanimously.

Directors - 1932

Lt.-Col. G. W. H. Millican, M.C., for re-election.

Major C. A. Bell, M.C., for re-election.

Major J. F. Scott, LL.B., for re-election.

Colonel D. L. Redman, V.D.

Major H. Strachan, V.C., M.C.

Major H. Pryde.

2nd. Lieut. H. E. Wright.

The following additional nominations were made:—

Moved by Capt. R. H. Preston, that Lt.-Col. P. R. Shields be appointed to the Directorate.

Moved by Major N. D. Dingle, that Lt.-Col. H. O. Lawson be appointed to the Directorate.

A ballot was therefore declared necessary by the President and ballot forms were distributed to the members.

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Upon a count of the ballot being taken the scrutineers announced the following to be elected as Directors for 1932:—

Major H. Strachan, V.C., M.C.
2nd. Lieut. H. E. Wright.
Lt.-Col. G. W. H. Millican, M.C.
Lt.-Col. H. O. Lawson.
Colonel D. L. Redman, V.D.
Major J. F. Scott, LL.B.
Major C. A. Bell, M.C.

A vote of thanks to the scrutineers was expressed on a motion made by Lt.-Col. D. Ritchie, seconded by Lt.-Col. E. R. Knight.

Honorary Chaplain

Capt W. A. Muncaster, B.A., as Honorary Chaplain of the Institute Elected unanimously.

Honorary Librarian

Lieut. M. H. Staples, B.A., as Honorary Librarian. Elected unanimously.

The retiring President then vacated the Chair which was taken by Lt.-Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. Page thanked the members for the honour conferred upon him by the members in electing him as President.

A. J. DAVIS, Captain,
Honorary Secretary.

Approved.

L. F. PAGE, Lt.-Col.,
President.

ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE

BALANCE SHEET - 31ST DECEMBER, 1931

ASSETS		LIABILITIES, RESERVE AND SURPLUS	
CASH—		LIABILITIES	
Bank of Montreal, Current Account	\$ 44.32	Prepaid Dues, 1932 and 1933	\$ 49.00
" " Savings Account	10.29	Accounts Payable	6.00
Cash on hand	38.00		
	\$ 92.61		
Accrued Interest Receivable	131.53	RESERVE	
Accounts Receivable	24.00	Balance as at 1st January, 1931	\$ 244.93
Bonds and Savings Certificates	5,383.50	Less Grants, 1931	100.00
Library Books and Bookcases	278.68		
Office Equipment and Pictures	175.44	Reserve as at 31st December, 1931	144.93
Less: Depreciation	32.61		
		SURPLUS	
		A.M.I. Balance as at 1st January, 1931	5,925.22
		Less Disbursements in excess of Revenue	72.00
		Surplus as at 31st December, 1931	5,853.22
			<u>\$6,053.15</u>

Audited and found correct,
F. J. BUTLER, Lieut., Auditor.
Calgary, Alta.,
9th January, 1932.

Certified correct,
S. L. MILLER, Treasurer.

ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE

Revenue Statement for Year Ending 31st December, 1931

INCOME

Membership Dues	\$1,681.00
Grant: Department of National Defence	500.00
Interest	266.89

DISBURSEMENTS

Lectures, etc.—		
Expenses and Refreshments	\$364.95	
Vimy Dinner Expenses	\$743.17	
Less Receipts	525.00	218.17
New Year's Reception, 1931	37.33	
Armistice Ball—		
Expenses	\$276.64	
Less Receipts	267.50	9.14
		\$629.59
Grants—		
Garrison Officers' Mess (Annual).....	400.00	
Following items charged to Reserve		
Fund as per Balance Sheet—		
Charitable Organizations	75.00	
Alta. Prov. Rifle Association	25.00	100.00
		500.00
Annual Journal, 1930—		
Expenses	627.84	
Less Receipts	434.50	
		193.34
A. M. I. Cadet Corps—		
Cadet Camp, 1931	80.00	
Uniforms—Upkeep and Alterations	25.05	
		105.05
Library—Purchase of Books		82.50
Scholarships—Univ. of Alberta C. O. T. C.		75.00
Presentations		65.00
Affiliated Branches		30.45
General Expenses—		
Clerical Help	\$480.00	
Circulars and Notices to Members	183.95	
Printing and Stationery	68.15	
Postage	53.64	
Wreaths	35.30	
Depreciation on Typewriter and Pictures	32.61	
Audit Fees	30.00	
Gratuities	20.00	
Telegrams and Telephone Calls	15.26	
Miscellaneous	20.05	
		938.96
Total Expenses for 1931	2,619.89	
Income for 1931		2,447.89
Grants shown above charges against "Reserve		
Fund" as per Balance Sheet	100.00	
Excess Expenditures charges against Surplus		
Account as per Balance Sheet	72.00	172.00
		<u>\$2,619.89</u>
		<u>\$2,619.89</u>

Andited and found correct,
F. JAS. BUTLER, Lieut., Auditor.
Calgary, Alta., 9th January, 1932.

Certified correct,
S. L. MILLER, Treasurer.

Activities at Red Deer

*By Captain R. S. Gillespie, M.C. Secretary, Red Deer Branch
The Alberta Military Institute.*

IT is felt that the Institute is performing a worthy part in our community life and many of the members are taking an increased interest in its activities. The practice of having one or two "ladies' nights" each year continues to be followed. The two held in 1930 were outstandingly successful. At these Major W. T. H. Cripps and Captain H. G. Nolan were guests.

Since the annual meeting (referred to below) the following lectures have been held: Lt. Col. R. C. Lister, M.C., M.M., "The Organization and Origin of the Military Institute in Canada"; Ex-Inspector J. D. Nicholson, "R.C.M.P. Reminiscences"; Lt. Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O., "Lawrence of Arabia"; Captain H. G. Nolan, M.C., "Louis Botha".

The following had also been delivered. Major W. J. Botterill, "Experiences prior to and during the entry of the Canadian Corps into Germany"; Captain the Rev. A. B. MacDonald, "Trade Routes and Modern Disarmament"; Major W. T. H. Cripps, "Ambassadorship of Walter H. Page, U.S. Ambassador to London"; Captain H. G. Scott, "Eastern Europe Situation"; Lt. J. R. Davidson, "Gustavus Adolphus"; Major Gen. the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., (joint meeting with the Canadian Legion) "The Duties of a General in a Large Attack under Modern Conditions".

The annual meeting was held in September instead of January and the complete slate of officers was returned with the exception of Lieut. Colonel McAllister, who has removed from Red Deer, who was replaced by Captain Drever. The executive of the branch for 1930 was:

President—Captain J. Ballantyne, M.C.
Vice-President—Major W. T. H. Cripps.
Secretary-Treasurer—Captain R. S. Gillespie, M.C.
Directors—Lt. Col. W. J. McAllister.
 Captain H. G. Scott.
 Lt. Col. R. C. Lister, M.C., M.M.
 Major W. J. Botterill.

Below is a list of members for 1930-31:—

Lieut.-Col. R. C. Lister, M.C., M.M.
Lieut.-Col. W. J. McAllister, M.C.

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Lieut.-Col. J. Nasmyth.
Lieut.-Col. Francis Davidson.
Major W. J. Botterill.
Major G. P. Elliott.
Major W. T. H. Cripps.
Capt. H. G. Scott.
Capt. J. Ballantyne, M.C.
Capt. G. McTaggart.
Capt. C. R. Bunn.
Capt. J. Drever.
Capt. R. Parsons.
Capt. F. Appleton.
Capt. G. G. Wannop, M.D.
Capt. A. R. Cameron.
Lieut. L. M. Colpitts.
Lieut. Percy Smith.
Lieut. Harold Haste.
Lieut. G. Geering.
Lieut. R. E. Jones.
Lieut. J. R. Weston.
Lieut. R. M. Whyte.
Lieut. H. Christie.
Lieut. F. deC. Callender.
Flying Officer W. C. Prentice
Cadet Instructor J. Welsh.
Cadet Instructor R. L. Whitney.
Lieut. D. H. McIntosh.
Lieut. O. E. Comis.
Lieut. E. Hives.
Major R. W. Fiske.

In Memoriam

MEMBERS OF THE
ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE
WHO DIED DURING
1931

Col. P. J. Daly, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Major W. G. Stedman

Lieut. W. H. Sellar

Major W. L. Ruzicka

Lieut. Col. J. D. R. Stewart, O.B.E.

THE ALBERTA MILITARY INSTITUTE ANNUAL JOURNAL

The Alberta Military Institute

(Incorporated 1920)

Executive Offices: Headquarters Military District No. 13

CALGARY

PATRONS

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales
His Excellency The Governor-General of Canada
His Honour W. L. Walsh, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta
Hon. Col The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, P.C., K.C., LL.D., Prime Minister of Canada
Lt.-Col. The Hon. D. M. Sutherland, D.S.O., V.D., M.B., M.P.,
Minister of National Defence
Major-General A. L. MacNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of General Staff
Major-General A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant-General
Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Major-General the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.
Colonel James Walker, V.D.
Hon Colonel the Hon. Patrick Burns

HONORARY PRESIDENT:

Brigadier (Hon. Brig.-General) D. M. Ormond, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
District Officer Commanding, Military District No. 13

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS

Colonel G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O.	Major L. W. Miller, D.S.O.
Colonel George Macdonald, V.D.	Major H. W. McGill, M.C.
Lieut.-Colonel J. N. Gunn, D.S.O., V.D.	Lieut.-Col. D. Ritchie, M.C.
Colonel D. G. L. Cunningham, M.C., V.D.	Lieut. Hugh Farthing, B.A., M.L.A.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

PRESIDENT:

Lieut.-Col. L. F. Page, D.S.O.

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Lt.-Col. D. H. Tomlinson, M.B.E., V.D.

HONORARY SECRETARY:

Capt. A. J. Davis

TREASURER:

Lieut. S. L. Miller

DIRECTORS:

Major H. Strachan, V.C., M.C.	Lt.-Col. H. O. Lawson
2nd Lieut. H. E. Wright	Colonel D. L. Redman, V.D.
Lieut.-Col. G. W. H. Millican, M.C.	Major J. F. Scott, LL.B.
	Major C. A. Bell, M.C.

HONORARY CHAPLAIN:

Capt. the Rev. W. H. Muncaster, B.A.

HONORARY LIBRARIAN:

Lieut. M. H. Staples, B.A.

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Alberta Military Institute Membership List

PAST PRESIDENTS

Colonel G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O.	1920
Lt.-Col. J. N. Gunn, D.S.O., V.D.	1922
Colonel George Macdonald, V.D.	1921
Asst. Commissioner J. W. Spalding, R.C.M.P.	1923
Lt.-Col. D. W. B. Spry, O.B.E., V.D.	1924
Lt.-Col. G. H. Whyte, M.C.	1925
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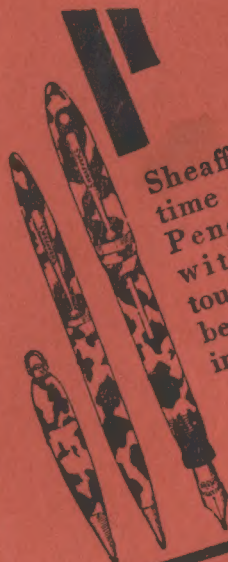
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